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THE GEORGE GREY BARNARD  
CLOISTERS  
BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

WHEN the Spirit of Beauty walked the earth, among her loveliest robes were the southern provinces of France. She gathered about her progress Provence, Languedoc, the Roussillon. Her scarves were the clouds, the mist, the blue distance of the high Pyrenees. The turquoise Mediterranean, the sunshot and summer-changeful silks of the fields were her trailing draperies. In time she wore the precious stones of the chateaux; the rosaries of the monasteries of Our Lady and the Saints. The great Cross of St. Martin on the height of the peak of Canigou was her crucifix. Her day-dreams were the legends that grew up about her. She led her faithful pilgrim by green pastures and restored his soul. . . . About the year 1000 A. D. Pierre Oseola, Doge of Venice, went on pilgrimage to St. Michel de Cuxa, going "on his naked knees" for the last several miles of the rough country. But through the centuries she had no deeper-hearted pilgrims than her chosen ones from the New World, to whom a thousand leagues were as nothing beside the ache for beauty that is the pledge of immortality to the soul. . . . After that there came a time when the sword of war, in the hand of St. Michel, the militant archangel, barred the way, and mediæval France was to America a lost Atlantis. There was, instead, the France of human poppies staining the fields; of the Argonne where Youth came singing to death and victory. But that was not the France of yester-year—the France for which, after all, one sent one's own lad to fight. All this time

of eclipse, however, there was—as may there ever be—but a moment by airplane from our torch of Liberty, one spot where, in reality, France dwells in America. . . . There are now "many corners of a foreign field" that will be forever America, where a young heart from the Catskills, from Oregon, from Massachusetts, has enriched another fleur-de-lis, has deepened the hue of another poppy. It is to be hoped that most fathers and mothers will not disturb their sons' rest, but let those little acres of quiet remain forever America in France. The acre of France in America to which I refer is the ground where stand the Cloisters of George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, who today is one of the closest links between France and America.

Thinker of deep thoughts, hewer of glistening Carrara, George Grey Barnard has set these "Cloisters" upon Washington Heights, looking to the sunrise, as all altars do, and all orientations must, whatever star be their sun. It is the star of Beauty that is in the ascendant here. Travelling in the Languedoc, Mr. Barnard became interested in the ruined monastery of St. Guilhem. Believing that stone can never be lost, this lover of stone, this understander of the hearts of marbles, searched the country-side for lost capitals, broken key-stones, strayed statuary, misplaced lancets, and, to shorten the story of a pilgrimage, found, in underbrush or under the soil of the fields of the peasants, in their gardens, and under their thatched roofs, enough of relics partially to restore and present as his gift to France, the Monastery of St. Guilhem du Désert, and at the same time to bring over from his purchases and discoveries the "Cloisters" that he has reconstructed here. The



## *The George Grey Barnard Cloisters*



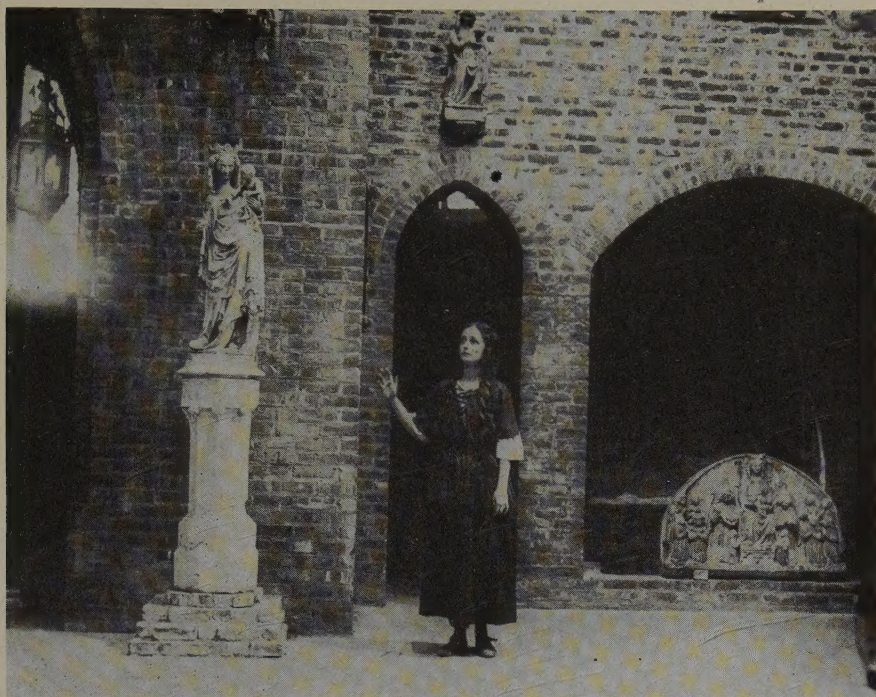
SCENE FROM MASQUE

outer arches he is still in process of reassembling. The interior does not make a facsimile of St. Guilhem, but is a sanctuary raised, in his own gifted manner, for these gathered treasures. In addition to the relics from St. Guilhem are those from St. Michel de Cuxa and from St. Martin du Canigou, in the romantic Roussillon country, whence came these ancient twelfth century oaken doors, and where the Cloak of France had for its border the tinsel fringe of Spain.

As we enter the grounds, we see high in the outer wall, near the inserted stations of the Cross, the old monastery bell. If we pull this by its suspended rope we hear the voice of yesterday. Within the entrance, we are requested to ring the smaller bell on the door itself. The verger, himself not the least treasure of the Cloisters, will not let us enter until—for some moments after he has drawn the curtain-veil of the centuries—we have stood under the mingled spell of arches, stained sunlight, incense, altar and enshrined statues. Our first impression overwhelms us with the full ensemble of loveliness; only on later visits can we begin to grow into the richness of details. This collection, housed in

such loveliness, seen against such perfection of proportion, vistas, illusion, colour, is an assembling of hundreds of examples of French art in its perfection of execution and feeling. It is a miracle and a marvel, whose result one need not fear to overstate. Somehow, too, the life-history of these statues has crept into the very rainbow-drift of sunbeams from the southern transept. This interior is distinctly not a museum, and yet not a convent, nor yet a minster, and still is always a temple, and, essentially, an ecclesiastic cross. This ancient glass, in its early splendour, cast its rays on kneeling prince and peasant. One example had a long exile in the house of a German peasant in France, who hated it for shutting out the day, and had finally thrust it into her attic and replaced it with window-glass. It is now a glory above the altar. A very beautiful statue of the Virgin, the prey of vandals in war-time, was found by a peasant ploughing in his fields, and was for years set up in his stable, where it may be that after all the Virgin was cheered by the memory of the softness of the hay of Bethlehem and the warmth of the sweet breath of those cattle of the manger.





JEANNE  
D'ARC

[Over arched doorway is statue of Virgin and Child from Toul, scene of imprisonment and trial of Jeanne d'Arc]

TOMB  
OF  
CRUSADER



[Scene from Masque in Cloisters on day of canonization of Jeanne d'Arc]



## *The George Grey Barnard Cloisters*



OUTER CLOISTERS

There is old St. Denis, beheaded in the cause of Christ, who is shown, carrying his head in his hands, as when he rose at the angels' summons, following them, headless too from courtesy, up to Paradise. Animal figures are there, too: there is the twelfth century tomb of the recumbent crusader, the little lion supporting his feet. There is the gentle griffin, smiling playfully as if to while away the centuries for the little Christ Child reaching out towards him from Mary's arms. There is the quaint, richly dressed donor, forever kneeling. Should these knees be stiff when at last comes Gabriel's trumpet, her flock of wingéd prayers will easily bear her upward. There is the slumbering high-born lady, than whose reposeful face little lovelier of its kind has been done.

There are many touches of humour, as if for the pleasure of the Child in his mother's arms, lest the centuries pass too tediously for that little one—beauty of carved iron that every gentle child would love, the drooping curve of the peacock's outline, the slender griffin, whose teeth are bared, but kindly, as if he were smiling away the eras. There, sus-

pended in its arc, hangs the iron lace of a ship, a design given by some ship's worker in memory of a safe port after dangerous seas; a maritime thank-offering. And, daintiest of touches, the little New-World spiders have woven lovely shimmering tissues of veils for each Virgin and Child.

It is all a great conception, greatly achieved by a great mind. Here is not a vast place—unless measured foursquare by the angel with the heavenly rod,—but its appeal is measureless. A miracle of art has been accomplished here. So beautiful an achievement was a destined one. It was written, when in the ninth century St. Guilhem was first quarried out, that it should in the twentieth century find its apotheosis across the sea. That this has come to pass through him is not the least of the great works of George Grey Barnard.

*Editor's Note.*—*The Cloisters are open daily except Monday for the benefit of French artists' families. Entrance at West 181st St. and Fort Washington Ave.*

Photos courtesy of Kaplan Photo Service.



## *The Etchings of Troy Kinney*



THE SEVENTH  
VEIL

TROY  
KINNEY

### **T**HE ETCHINGS OF TROY KINNEY BY AMEEN RIHANI

WHILE painting is continually undergoing changes in method and technique, and making fitful efforts to rise out of the revolutionary turmoil of schools to a greater freedom and a more dominating vision, etching is still bound in classic limitations and hedged about with sentiment and tradition. The etcher's art, on the whole, remains the same

as when Rembrandt crowned it with his achievements and Haydon made it popular through his own work and activity; while dealers and collectors maintain the same sentimental attitude towards it that characterized its earliest votaries. In other words, etching has acquired a sort of sacro-sanct influence that gives it, among the shifting vantages and vanishing guide-posts of art, an enduring place,—a little temple sheltered by a time-hallowed sentiment and devotion.

And this is fortunate. For the æsthetic



## *The Etchings of Troy Kinney*

feeling, while all around the process of unhinging Yesterday's attachments is unremitting, while everywhere are voices clamouring for the immediate and exclusive recognition of To-day, finds satisfaction only in the contemplation of forms of beauty that are natural in their inception and development. Nature herself recognizes the past and builds upon it. In making the rose she goes back to the Miocene period for her soil. In painting the wings of a bird she dips her brush in the pigments that first coloured the rocks of Chemung. In building a crystal she goes farther back to Paleozoic time, following the inalterable law of proportionate sectional growth. There are no variations except where there are accidents. And these become laws in the process of development, to be discovered by man in the process of time. But seldom or never does this happen in a single generation. Hence the necessity of an abiding tradition—a testimony and a promise of achievement.

In this sense, therefore, etching is an art that still adheres to natural laws. In its limitations is the promise of its perfection; and in its traditions is preserved that conception of beauty that makes its greatest appeal through linear expression. It is to art what the sonnet, for instance, is to poetry: it expresses in black and white through a process partly mechanical what the poet would express in fourteen lines. And like the sonnet form, the technique of etching may be mastered by many; but it can be made the vehicle of the highest poetical expression only by the masters.

Troy Kinney is a poet with the needle, who gives us in his etchings a charming and lasting souvenir of the dancer's creations and fugitive fancies. For in its movements, its gestures, its pauses, its linear tones and accents, dancing is as expressive of forms of beauty as the most austere of natural laws or the most abstract of æsthetic conceptions. It suggests and complements the other arts. And it is, of all arts, the most susceptible, especially with the Orientals and Andalusians, of improvisation. Thus, it is as difficult sometimes to recognize a pleasing idiosyncrasy or grasp the significance of an instant gesture, as it is to distinguish the interplay of light and shadow

upon the wings of a bird in flight. But Troy Kinney has a very sensitive retina, it seems, as well as an agile and dexterous hand. Like the true artist, however, he utilizes, but does not always follow with implicit faith, his first impressions. He takes pains to confirm and amplify them.

In Spain, where dancing is as much a part of the life of the people as religion and the bull-fight, he got his first inspiration. He walked in the shadow of Malagueña and Flamenco with the zeal of a devotee. He saturated himself with the Sevillian atmosphere, resonant with the click of castanets, vibrant with rhythmic beauty, opulent with an eternal but ever varying measure. From Madrid to Valencia he was the modern art-pilgrim enchanted beyond any healing formula. The dance-hall was his shrine; and his goddess, that brilliantly voluptuous and fatally fascinating creature, who dashes dancing into your heart and sends you away with the haunting echoes of the castanets and the more haunting magic of her art.

And Troy Kinney came back to New York a very much haunted person, indeed. But he was not going to submit impassively to a Satanic or a divine obsession. He would master its reactions and make them serve the purpose of his art. He continued, therefore, his pilgrimage in New York, where European celebrities, with the halo of genius or without it, must eventually come and bow the head to Mammon—to say nothing of the way they make away with his gold. Here, then, were the artist-pilgrim's gods and goddesses, come from Paris and London and Seville and Petrograd.

He sought them all, in and out of the temple. Pavlowa, Nijinski, Roshanara, Tortola, Adolf Bolm, Fokine and Fokina, they all welcomed him and gave him a taste of their genius and their temperament. But like a true pilgrim, Kinney always saw through the thorny hedges the lambent light of sacrifice and triumph. Some of the Terpsichorean divinities were human, some of them were not; but they were all eager to leave behind them an enduring souvenir of their rituals. So, they lifted for Kinney the first—and the seventh—veil; they took him into the inner





FOKINA IN  
SALOME

TROY  
KINNEY



## *The Etchings of Troy Kinney*



SWALLOWS

TROY KINNEY

shrine; they imparted to him a few of the mysteries, as well as the secret of their worldly triumph. For no matter how impossible in a practical way, these dancers are a serious-minded people, terribly, religiously in earnest. This is one of the characteristics that these etchings reveal. Indeed, the Terpsichorean divinities both spin and toil—and read good books. They even go to the ancient lore of Egypt for a guiding sign. Kinney saw them perform, and rehearse, and strive for the best. He saw them from the edge of the vibrant circle created by the dance; he saw them from various distances, from stall and pit and gallery-top. For, to obtain the right point of view, he had to study them from every point of view.

And he made another discovery. Mere movement in a dance is by no means the most essential of its qualities. Nor do the masters set much value upon it. It is in spot and line

that they all try to excel and express a distinct individuality. Herein the two arts, dancing and etching, reflect each other. In spot and line the rhythms accumulate, the measure is achieved, and the dance is made articulate. So, too, the picture. In other words, the dancer comes on the stage enveloped in an atmosphere of her own creation, which she proceeds to make articulate, even lyrical, in line and spot; and the artist, if he has the faculty of instantaneous perception, transfers her creation, or the synthesis of it, on his plate. How much movement and feeling of movement he can make it represent, depends upon his talent.

Troy Kinney makes even the blank spaces, the silences, emphasize the eloquence of spot and line. Having used a literary analogy, let me add another to make the matter more clear. A line of poetry, for instance, is composed of a number of feet variously accented. The



## *The Etchings of Troy Kinney*

lines in a drawing or in a dance are the feet, the "spots" are the accents. And in the repetition the measure of a dance and the composition of a picture are achieved. Pavlowa and Fokine are masters of spot and line, creators of new rhythms and measures. And Troy Kinney is as agile and dexterous with his hands as they are with their feet.

But behind hands and feet is a soul, a genius, a creative power. If dancer and etcher did not both appreciate this, they could not act and react upon each other in artistic expression. Pavlowa would often rehearse for Kinney a certain gesture or movement, a certain creation of spot and line;—she would

repeat her words, so to speak, that he might get the proper accents and the exact inflections. That is how these brilliant etchings were conceived. That is the first stage in their making.

Troy Kinney never works in a haphazard or casual manner. He is painstaking and deliberate. He accepts the mood, but goes beyond it for the fundamental law. He is impeccably classic in his compositions, for they are based upon the Greek design, following the organic development in nature as in the formation of a crystal or the cellular growth in plants. By observing the area of proportion, he achieves dynamic symmetry. Dividing his



ROSHANARA

TROY KINNEY



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plan into rectangular sections, he draws his picture, sometimes in sections also, and makes it fit into the design. But he does not lose sight of the poetic motive in thus building the parts into a harmonious whole. On the face of it, this method of composition does not seem flexible enough for artistic creation. It is too scientific, one would say, to be always conducive of freedom of treatment. It is like making first the mould and then making your creation fit into it. But this is only superficially true.

In the hands of an artist of talent, a scientific formula can be made to yield to the dominant feeling, even to the teasing and tormenting fancy. Plainly speaking, the angles give way to flexible, relaxing and accentuating lines; and in the classic areas of proportion is ample latitude for personal expression. It is true, however, that, in the hands of an artist of no talent, the geometric conception in composition always betrays a laboured technique. But every formula carries with it a dispensation, which only the masters can utilize to advantage. To be able to sweep the rule aside, you must know first its natural and traditional import; and then, knowing also when and where it can be done effectively to serve an artistic purpose, you snap your finger and get away with it.

Troy Kinney gets away with it in these etchings. He has succeeded where the mechanical stickler would fail. In his synthetic method, we lose sight entirely of the scientific approach. And although his compositions always conform to the Greek principle of design, he conveys in a sweep of line, a swing of rhythm, or the mere suggestion of their qualities, the impression of a freedom of handling most admirably achieved. Indeed, some of his subjects seem to have been drawn in a moment of inspiration directly on the plate, freely, spontaneously. His *Swallows*, for instance, is a fine example of his skill and technique. With an economy of line and a delicacy of touch the rhythms mount and swing horizontally in a swift movement, converge from opposite directions, and are then clinched and accentuated in the heads of the two dancers transfixed within a single measure, just so much apart to express all the rapture

and longing of a supreme desire.

In the other etchings done in this style is a further proof of his power of analysis and concentration;—a proof, too, of an eloquence that is as effective in gesture and pause. Kinney in these plates speaks to us in monosyllables, concisely, significantly, rapidly; and in his interpretations, the ellipsis is often as expressive as the most accented lines. Observe this in his *Seventh Veil* in relation to the composition, which enhances its sinewy and resilient qualities. From the vibrant curve of the dancer's feet up to the fading outline of the veil, the ascending rhythms, swift, consistent, harmonious, produce a soaring effect which is most fascinating. The dancer, at the height of the rhapsody, is about to take to flight.

This marvellous technique of Troy Kinney is made to yield more power in his *Bacchante*. The bacchanal, I admit, is a hackneyed subject. Pencil and brush and common print have made it so familiar and unattractive by so many vapid or bizarre versions, which travesty the rhapsodic spirit, that Kinney, realizing this, surprises us with what seems at first sight a snap-shot of a new creation. A new creation, it is. But with a few strokes of the needle and a dry-point line, he gives us a being of fire and song, forceful and graceful, epitomizing in a single gesture all the abandon, all the rapture, and all the poetic madness of the bacchanal. And how simple and compelling that single gesture of the body emphasized in the curving line from neck to bosom and made still more eloquent by the contrast of the downward rhythms in arm and leg and the rhythmic flow in hair and veil! It is remarkable how, with but a few strokes of the needle, he can fill his plate with magic beauty. His *Bacchante*, though phantom-like, has in it more of the ecstatic fire than most of the elaborate representations of the bacchanal. The execution is masterly, the composition is perfect. There is not a single stroke in it that is either casual or superfluous. It is in these etchings especially, which look like improvisations, that his technique is made to yield all its latent power.

He is not less brilliant, however, when this power is subject to a cultured restraint in his more finished, I should say more elaborately executed, plates.





PAVLOWA IN THE CARMEN BALLET

TROY KINNEY



## The Etchings of Troy Kinney

His *Adolf Bolm in Prince Igor* is a synthesis of power. His *Pavlowa in Carmen* is an epitome of grace. In both these etchings the intensive process is carried to a point where truth and impressionism are one. The warrior-dancer as curved (is it by chance, we ask) and as supple as his own bow, goes to the heart of his subject with a mighty stride. And Pavlowa, whose intensely serious expression raises her subject to a supreme purpose, makes the more familiar luring leer of Carmen seem by contrast a vulgar blasphemy. The outline in these plates is clear, crystalline, suggesting the emptiness of the ornamental. No, nothing is needed to emphasize that superb gesture of grace or that resounding accent of power.

On the other hand, his *Portrait of Mrs. W.*, with its soft contour and romantic glamour, is made lyrical by the masterly handling of the delicate grey tints against a background of deep dry-point simulating distance. Thus, with an eye for beautiful effects, the notes and accents of character are suggested as well as expressed, according to the prevailing mood.

The resourcefulness of Kinney's needle and style is more strikingly evident, however, in his *Roshanara* and *Viva Andalusia* and *Tortola Valencia*. The flexible line expressing grace and charm, the relaxing line expressing a winsome lassitude, the incisive line expressing power, the rigid line made to set off the silences, and the drop in the rhythm to a subtle nuance without breaking, they all serve to hold the increasing measure in a composition of perfect harmony.

If he is epigrammatic, so to speak, in *Bacchante*, he is a fluid stylist in *Viva Andalusia*. More than that. He is an interpreter, faithful to the genius of the land that gave him his first inspiration. He speaks with the flourish and fervour of an Andalusian. He gives us a Tor-

tola in all the pompous, quaint, capricious and self-conscious manner of the Spanish dancer that is more widely known outside of Spain. He gives us the *Mistress of the Castanets*, the *Goddess of Andalusia*, who seldom covets an alien shrine, in her most characteristic pose, slightly sinuous, graceful, majestic, captivating. No one who has an eye for line and has once seen her dance, can fail to recognize, in Kinney's etching, the most expressive gesture in the contour of breast and bosom, rendered with classic dignity in one masterly stroke, or the fluid elegance that seems to flow from the tips of her fingers to the end of her trailing gown. It is indeed evident that Troy Kinney, to indulge again a literary analogy, can turn out a well rounded sentence as well as an epigram.

And in both he is a conscientious and painstaking artist. He takes no short cuts; he accepts no makeshift as a substitute for work. And while he has a few tricks of his own, it can be said that he adheres closely to the traditions of his art, without adopting exclusively any one particular formula. He works, and works on his subject material till he gets the right point of view, the right method of execution, and the right expression. He tires his subject, I would say, before he tires of it. And thus only, he succeeds in producing those charming effects of a spontaneity deliberately achieved, which characterize the style of Flaubert, for instance, or Robert Louis Stevenson. No trick, no evidence of labour can be detected in the magic of his line. Nor is there ever a sign of impatience or slapdash in the execution of his plates, no matter how much the mechanical process grates upon his delicate sensibility and esthetic impulse. He is an artist of the one and only school that endures—the School of Truth and Beauty and Work.



## How They Captured Castles With Roses



I

### HOW THEY CAPTURED CASTLES WITH ROSES ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS

ANGLO-SAXONS are notorious for taking their pleasures sadly. And if the British and ourselves were to be judged by the general solemnity of our pageants we should have to plead guilty. Over there Appius Claudius communicates his un'appiness to the audience: and with us the roasting of Jesuit fathers and the tomahawking of Puritans has been only partially relieved by pious rejoicings at the celebration of the first turkey and mince-pie dinner. We have worshipped the sage and solemn Muse of History, not her more frivolous sister, the Muse of Comedy.

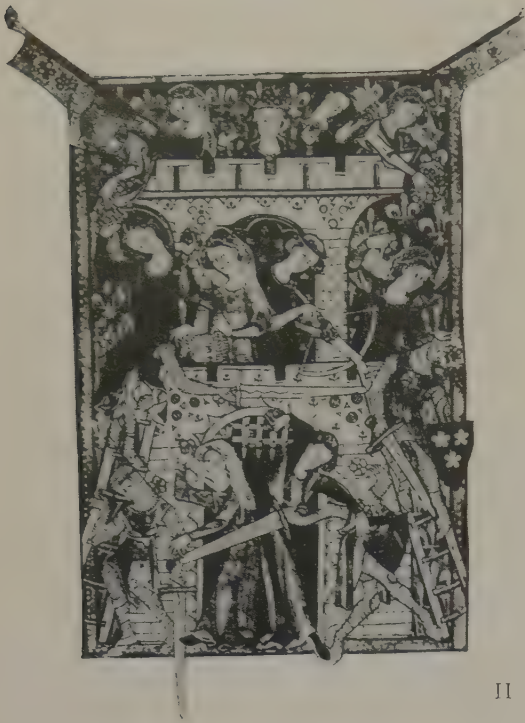
But the medievals from whom we cribbed this fashion for large and lavish spectacles were with all their monasteries and misereres and massive tomes of moribund theology a vivacious folk. If you doubt it, read the

drinking songs of Bishop Goliath, or Geoffrey Chaucer's ironic remarks on patient Griseldas, or, on your next trip to England tip back the seats in the choir of almost any cathedral and you will discover carvings that would give even Clarence Day points in humour. Yes, our ancestors were a jollier crowd than we.

One of their inspirations by way of pastime was a pageant called *The Castle of Love*. We first hear of it seven hundred years ago in Italy. In the year 1214 the people of Treviso invited to a festival many gentlemen and twelve of the fairest and gayest ladies of Padua, and the entertainment provided has been described by a contemporary historian thus: "A fantastic castle was built and garrisoned with dames and damsels and their waiting women, who without help of man defended it with all possible prudence. Now this castle was fortified on all sides with skins of vair and sable, sendals, purple cloths, samites, precious tissues, scarlet, brocade of



## *How They Captured Castles With Roses*



II

Bagdad, and ermine. What shall I say of the golden coronets, studded with chrysolites and jacinths, topaz and emeralds, pearls and pointed headgear and all manner of adornments wherewith the ladies defended their heads from the assaults of the beleaguers? For the castle itself must needs be assaulted; and the arms and engines wherewith men fought against it were apples and dates and muscat-nuts, tarts and pears and quinces, roses and lilies and violets, and vases of balsam or ambergris or rosewater, amber, camphor, cardamoms, cinnamon, cloves, pomegranates, and all manner of flowers or spices that are fragrant to smell or fair to see."

The storming party consisted of a number of Venetian youths, who finding all these missiles had no effect, resorted to a shower of golden ducats. Promptly the ladies capitulated, and the young men carried the banner of St. Mark triumphantly into the castle. But the gentlemen of Padua, who had escorted the ladies hither, didn't like the turn things were taking, and in a rage tore up the banner of St. Mark. Finally the matter became so serious that nothing but war could salve the wounded honors of Venice and Padua.

LXVIII

Whether it was the injury done to the ladies' clothes by the promiscuous hurling of tarts and pears that might have been a trifle over-ripe, or whether it was the more serious trouble caused by the ducats, it seems to have been settled by general consent thereafter that no missiles were to be used on either side except flowers. These, however, seem to have become effective in the hands of a practised pitcher to a degree which would be incredible did we not have the most vivid repeated testimony to the facts.

As before intimated, it is doubtful whether medievals took family devotions as seriously as do some of our contemporaries. For the family missal was frequently decorated in a fashion to make one wonder, like Byron,

"how they

Who saw those figures in the margin kiss  
all,

Could turn their optics to the text and  
pray."

Now there are three English books, two of

III





## *How They Captured Castles With Roses*



III

them psalters, which present faithful portrayals of the Siege of the Castle of Love. (1.) The knights are attacking in full armour, but are obviously thrown into complete confusion by the discharge of roses among them. One knight who has been rash enough to ascend a scaling ladder is struck by a single rose. Not only does it knock his helm from his head, but he loses his hold and falls to the ground. In the other psalter (2) the ladies are not content with long range warfare, but are handling the men in a style which may have given rise to the word "manhandle." At any rate, of the venture-some knights who have ascended the ladders to the assault one is being spanked and the other forced by a firm pressure upon his head to consider a rapid descent to earth. While below two damsels rush out from the gateway and twist the poor males into wild contortions.

Is it any wonder that in the third manuscript (3) the knights sit on their horses at a safe distance, take a long look at the

bent brows and bent bows of the damsels, and seem far more inclined to parley than to commence hostilities.

The French had a pleasant art of making toilet articles out of ivory—no pyralin for them—and before the days of glass mirrors the favourite reflector for milady's bower was a polished metal plate, such as we have revived for our trench mirrors, set into a carved ivory back. And among the medieval ivories in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a charming little mirror-back chiselled to represent the Chateau d'Amour. (4.) And in the highest tower Dan Cupid is shown getting in a deadly shot with his little bow.

At the Metropolitan Museum there is also an ivory casket, on the lid of which we see the siege of the castle being pressed in a highly scientific manner. (5.) On the right a machine corresponding to our trench mortar is being loaded with a basket of flowers. These must have proved a most efficacious weapon, for on the other side we find that the ladies have surrendered. One is handing over a sword, another is riding off on horseback with a knight, and a third is rowed off in a boat.

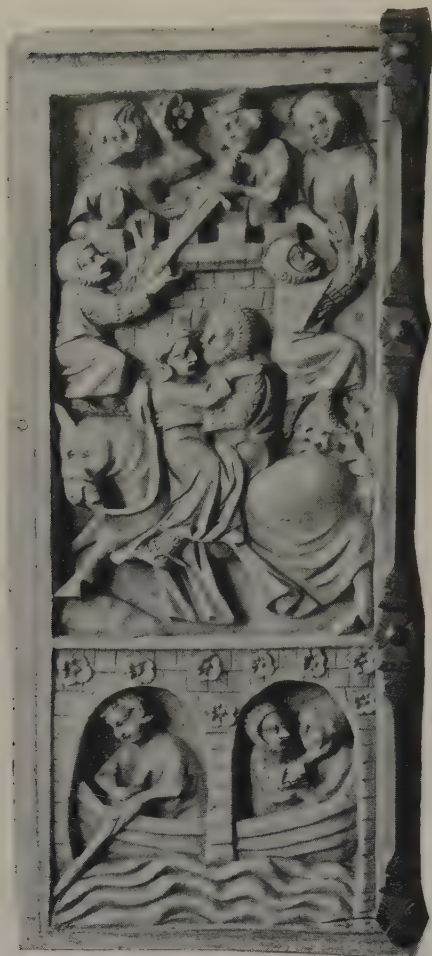
Mural paintings, enamels, and tapestries—all continued to reflect in art the favourite pastime of courts. Bluff King Hal of the six



IV



## *How They Captured Castles With Roses*



### V.

wives not only had a set of tapestries of the City of Ladies, but right lustily took part in the game itself. On New Year's Eve, 1512, a castle, occupied by six ladies, and labelled "*La Fortresse Dangerous*," was carried about the hall. "After the Queen had beheld it, in came the king with five other. These six assaulted the castle. The ladies seeing them so lusty and courageous, were content to solace with them, and upon further communication to yield the castle. And so they came down and danced a long space."

A sixteenth century Flemish tapestry represents pretty closely the costume and the manner in which the game was played at Henry's court. The persons are all labelled to represent qualities; the men who attack, Visage, Churlishness and Pride. The ladies armed with halberds, are Evil Hate, Churlish who beat them off with a lash of flowers and

a crossbow loaded with a rose are Gaiety and Generosity. Above the battle the God of Love sits enthroned.

Curiously enough, far down into the eighteenth century this joyous custom survived at the Swiss town of Fribourg. A wooden castle was erected, the ladies occupied it and the gentlemen attacked it. Flowers hurtled through the air like snow-flakes. Of course, the outcome was inevitable. Each of the ladies chose one of the victors and paid him a rose and a kiss as ransom. Afterwards while the ladies returned to their houses and showered the heroes from their windows with rose petals and perfumes, the victors rode on horseback through the streets. And only a hundred years ago the young people in the vineyards of Fribourg and Vaud used to sing:

"Chateau d'amour, te veux-tu pas rendre?  
Veux-tu te rendre, ou tenir bon?"



## *Luminos*



LUMINO

WM. C. CORNWELL

### LUMINOS BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

WHEN writing upon Mr. William C. Cornwell and his *luminos*, the question must sooner or later arise, "What are *luminos* and how do they affect art?" The great difficulty in answering this perfectly justifiable question lies in the fact that no one seems to know with any certainty what exactly art is. Several years ago a book was published under the magic authorship of Clive Bell and its title left nothing to be desired. It was "Art." Now at length we were to be authoritatively informed as to what constitutes art. The frontispiece was an old Persian pot and, to a layman and possibly to some artists, appeared to have little to recommend it beyond the reverence which we are fain to accord to objects which have survived the centuries. But doubtless the text would put us in the position for all time to declare, in all good faith, as at the douane, when a Persian pot is a pot of art and when it is a plain pot. We hugged

the book fiercely and hurried home to enjoy the threatend reincarnation, but alas for all human hopes, and especially for our prostrate faith in Clive Bell, the dawn discovered us with the book ended and just as far off a solution as ever. The information (excellent of its kind and entertainingly conceived) omitted to say what was art but furnished a clue to its discovery by declaring that "significant form" is the basis of art and that nothing may be accounted art without it. It forms, so to speak, the marriage certificate, failing which no Persian pot can be respectable. We feel that far from advancing in our search for truth, we have retrograded, for before recognizing art we must pass an examination in significant form.

But let us leave Clive Bells and Persian pots for a while and take up Cornwell and *luminos* which, as they affect us emotionally, we intend to regard as art whether they possess significant form or not.

At first blush, doubt might attach to this surrender, seeing that *luminos* consist of paper not even coloured by the artist's hand,



## *Luminos*

and are dependent upon electrical displays behind them for their effect. When however we take into account that Mr. William Cornwell is a shrewd business man, a banker of note, and the editor of an important banking paper that goes to all parts of the world, it cries a halt to any adverse judgment, any prejudice, conceived without a knowledge of his work far greater than mere hearsay that he creates fine pictures by layers of coloured tissue paper with the aid of an electric battery. But it must be observed that Cornwell is an artist and could express himself in half a dozen media if he chose to, the result of an art training in Paris followed by drawing and painting as a hobby but not as a profession. That such a man in the fullness of years should elect to spend time without stint in experimenting in this new art until he has attained professional adroitness and the ability to charm all who have had the good fortune to see his products, must satisfy the veriest sceptic that there is more in *luminos* than meets the eye that has not beheld them.

*Luminos* have obtained a certain amount of notice and publicity but not nearly enough, the fault of which lies not in any inherent weakness in the idea or execution, but solely in the fact that the time of a great banker has been too much invaded upon to permit him the facilities of displaying his pictures publicly. On a few occasions, he has consented to invite a few friends and members of the press to see them, but the process entails a vast amount of planning, carpentry, and electrical work that, even though others can manage the manual labour involved, still demand his supervision and advice.

The principle is that of light and colour combination obtained by pasting strips of paper upon glass illumed from the back by strong light. The idea arose in Cornwell's mind some years ago when asked to arrange some plan of decoration at an entertainment to be given by the City Club where he was then residing. The long windows of the ball-room formed at once the problem and the key. He observed that layers of paper of different colours placed with regard to colour values made the windows look like a painted canvas.

From then on the artist in Cornwell re-awoke and all his spare time fell to experimenting with results that are truly astonishing and capable of application wherever light and colour can be decoratively employed. That the processes are to some extent mechanical does not in the least destroy the feeling that here we are encountering something that could only proceed from the brain and manipulation of an artist. Inasmuch as the main principles are colour and lighting, it is obviously impossible in our illustrations to do more than indicate the kind of subject he selects for his operations.

In the hands of a mere mechanic with a certain taste for theatrical illusions, *luminos* would hardly strike a new note and would certainly leave art-lovers unthrilled, but in the hands of a real artist who has devoted years of study and experiment to the perfecting of his device *luminos* enter boldly into the little kingdom of art without any fear of disfavour. Art has many outlets, all of them being independent the one of the other, and *luminos* do not conflict with or contradict accepted channels but claim friendly recognition in the general scheme of decoration which art encourages and calls for. A visit to the artist's home where these pictures are in operation proves the unfathomable degree of artistic pleasure that can be derived from a scheme of decoration that is independent of Old Masters, modern masters, statuary, or pottery, and yet can lose nothing by association with them. There is a complete bond between them affected adversely by the propinquity of *luminos*. There is a complete bond between them which would be impossible were there not an art relationship between them. In a word, *luminos* are a beautiful decoration in and by themselves or may be used with perfect confidence with other objects of art governed and selected by good taste and arrangement.

There is nothing to prevent anybody from getting happy results in imitation of this device but it will take an artist of the calibre of William Cornwell to do anything that is really worth while and of sufficient dignity to be chronicled.

*Editor's Note.—This device has been patented in the U. S. Patent Office.*





LUMINO  
WM. C. CORNWELL





MISS MANSHIP (AGED 3 DAYS)  
PAUL MANSHIP



## Two Amazing Portraits

TWO AMAZING PORTRAITS BY  
PAUL MANSHIP  
FRANK OWEN PAYNE

WHEN the unique sculptures of Paul Manship began to appear, there was a marked ripple in the world of art. For here was something new and original done in a style more ancient than Cheops or Babel. Art lovers everywhere stood at attention. Differences in taste and judgment soon arrayed his critics into two opposing camps as it were. The one of these camps was composed of enthusiastic admirers who saw in Manship's strange creations something full of beauty and mystery well deserving careful study. The other party questioned the style as a too obvious return to the archaic.

Outside the realm of art criticism the phenomenal growth in popularity of Mr. Manship's work very soon placed him among the foremost sculptors of our day. All classes, whether artist or layman, were at one in their unqualified praise of his marvellous technique. The highest compliment which could be paid to any artist was his when other artists began to copy his style. His imitators have been legion, so that it seems as if there is likely to arise what may be denominated a Manship School of American Sculpture.

Apropos of imitators, let it be at once declared in passing, that there is no other sculptor, living or dead, whose work is more difficult to imitate. Manship stands practically alone in sculptural technique. His works defy imitation as do those of Benvenuto Cellini. They are supreme!

For the greater part of his sculptures, Mr. Manship has devoted his attention to classical and idealistic themes. His creations are full of beautiful lines and subtle curves. They exhibit a masterful treatment of planes and surfaces. There is rhythm of movement in everything that he has accomplished in plastic art. His works present a high degree of poetic fancy in the choice of subject matter. Over all there seems to be a veil of weirdness and about his work there is an atmosphere of mystery. There is, moreover, a profound richness of symbolism in the art of Manship that constrains one to pause, to ponder and makes

one carry away with him something as haunting as an enchanting phrase of music.

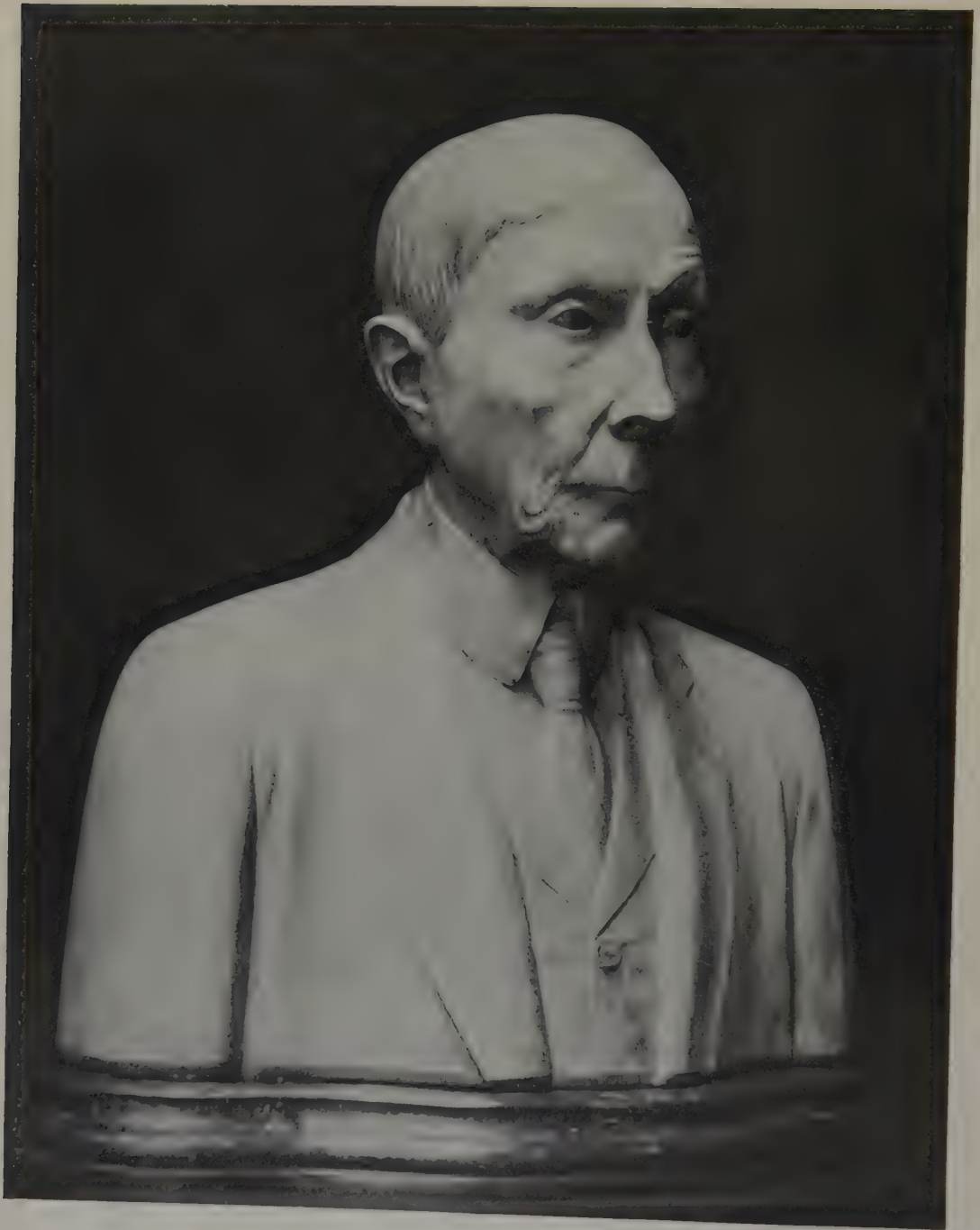
The ardent admirers of Manship's art have often wondered whether this gifted artist would ever forsake the remarkable manner which has made him famous, and turn attention to more realistic fields of sculpture. It were indeed a pity to leave those realms of exquisite idealism for the less poetic fields of artistic endeavour. On one occasion the writer asked Mr. Manship point-blank if he would treat a portrait in the same manner in which the details of his other works are wrought. His answer was: "Why not?" So we have been waiting and wondering to see what his efforts at portraiture might be. If any there be who have thought that Manship's work belongs exclusively to the realm of decorative sculpture, they must soon discover in the two extraordinary portraits illustrated herewith, the fact that the sculptor has now proved himself to be one of the very greatest portrait artists of all time. We declare this without fear of contradiction.

The two works referred to are the likeness of Mr. Manship's infant daughter done when she was only *three days old*, and to the recently completed portrait of John D. Rockefeller, who posed for it at the age of *eighty-six years*. In the one we have probably the youngest infant ever delineated by the sculptor's chisel. It is an amazing piece of work. All the immaturity, the almost uncanniness, of a newly born babe is there depicted. How helpless it lies there in its swaddling clothes! It is quite impossible for one to realize that it is in marble so manipulated as to simulate the extreme softness and delicacy of infant human flesh. We believe that this work stands alone in its realism among child sculptures.

Indeed, the manner in which the artist has set this unique creation, giving to it as he does, something of the dignity which medieval artists gave to their representations of the Christ Child, is evidence of the great love and devotion which, as a father, he bears toward his first born child. It is little wonder that it was purchased and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it occupies a prominent place.

In the second work we have a most realistic





JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER  
PAUL MANSHIP



## *Two Amazing Portraits*

portrait of an old man, a very old man. We have never before seen such a convincing picture of senility as this portrait of the Oil King. To attempt to describe it is not within the limits of the present paper, much less within the powers of the writer. It must be seen and studied to be fully appreciated. In the sagging cheeks and shrunken throat the extreme age of the subject is seen. There is the shrewdness and determination which are known to be characteristic of the subject. The modelling of the mouth and chin indicate these qualities. There is foresight, and penetration and organizing power in the cast of countenance. There are traces of that benevolence and philanthropy which have made the name of Rockefeller a synonym for great giving. Over all the artist has thrown a veil of religious expression.

Perhaps there are others among our sculptors who might produce a portrait bearing all these characteristics. It is the marvellous execution of this work which defies imitation. Here the artist has brought into use his very

highest talent for modelling and carving. The marble is of the finest variety. It is semi-translucent, like chalcedony, and it has been tinted to a delicate cream colour like ivory. The artist has departed from present day practise and like the ancients, he has tinted the iris of the eye blue, like that of the subject. Truly this portrait of Rockefeller is the most realistic likeness of modern times. No other American sculptor has dared to create such a work. No other portrait bust can compare with it.

Thus in these two remarkable works, Paulanship has covered the entire span of human life. If any one wonders what he can accomplish in portraiture let him contemplate that incomparable infant in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, after which let him turn to this amazing portrait of the founder of the Standard Oil Trust. This may be great praise but we feel confident that Manship has presented in these works convincing examples of his art at its highest point. He has given to us the greatest portrait sculpture hitherto produced in America.



WATERCOLOUR

THE LATE W. H. DE B. NELSON



## *Laurelton Studios: A New Idea*

**L**AURELTON STUDIOS: A NEW  
IDEA  
BY CHARLES DE KAY

HAVING spent more than half a century in pursuit, along various paths, of that illusive nymph called Art, it has seemed well to Louis Comfort Tiffany to take thought concerning the difficulties that beset the way of the artist and devise some plan through which he himself might be of practical benefit to the rising worker. Though a member of the National Academy of Design and a charter member of the Society of American Artists, and therefore primarily a painter, he branched out in mosaic, stained glass and enamel, in lustre glass and pottery, even in textiles, wherever he felt that his sense of colour might find satisfaction. What has always moved him, with regard to young artists who have done with the schools, is their inability to meet the struggle for bread without sacrificing the time and energy needed for success in art. Having turned this over in his mind for several years, he came to the conclusion that a beginning might be made by providing a limited number of young workers with a beautiful and stimulating environment. For this purpose he has established a Foundation and proceeded to adapt his own country home, Laurelton on Cold Spring Harbour, Long Island, to the needs of such a venture.

For venture it is. Only the future can determine the success or failure of it. There is no precedent to follow, neither here nor abroad. Neither William Morris nor Hubert Herkomer in England with his art colony or his school affords a parallel, nor can we consider the guilds and craft-centres of some centuries back as guides. Mr. Tiffany's idea is neither a school nor a commercial venture; rather it is a place where artists may abide in comfort without proffer of advice or any influence urging toward one art direction or the other, there at their leisure to mature their own designs, follow their own dreams, pursue their own ideals. Encouragement of talent, not the production of paying art work, is the aim.

Laurelton Hall looks from its wooded hills onto the broad inlet just east of Oyster Bay and so across Long Island Sound to the main-

land. The estate of which it is the centre has all the variety of land and shore a painter may want, while the Hall itself offers a singularly rich and well selected series of art collections made by Mr. Tiffany in the course of years, among which Oriental objects have a prominent place. The hothouses contain rare and beautiful flowers and trees from the tropics, while all about the Hall are garden and wild flowers belonging to our climate, not scattered but so arranged as to bloom successively as the summer advances into masses of splendid colour.

Flower painters, landscape and marine painters, students of domestic animals and wild, as well as those interested in the arts of the Chinese or American Indians, find Laurelton Hall and its neighbourhood full of matters suggestive; should they care to pursue a subject in books, they can find what they need in the art library at the Hall.

For the first year, which began May 1, 1920, only fifteen guests were accommodated, paying guests for whom pleasant studios, baths, bedrooms, refectory, kitchen, etc., were prepared in a building near the Hall where they have all the privacy they want. The Hall serves on occasion or assembly place, museum, library. Some of the studios are for painters, others for sculptors, while a large workroom is for artcrafters and jewelry designers. There are to be no instructors, although from time to time certain leading artists come to Laurelton to quiz the work of those entering for scholarships and decide the awards; or else simply as guests and visitors, to lend the young artists their sympathy, should the latter wish to have them look at their work.

Among painters and sculptors of note who have visited the Foundation recently are Messrs. Robert Aitken, Paulanship and Childe Hassam, Joseph Pennell, Robert Vonnoh, Gifford Beale and Eliot Clark, Barry Faulkner, the mural painter, and among architects are Lloyd Warren. The American Federation of Arts came in a representative body. And while suggestions were not lacking to meet the varied characters of the visitors the general verdict was favourable.

Whatever Louis C. Tiffany attempts he carries out with scrupulous care. This long-pon-





CENTRAL DRAWING-ROOM AND WATER-COURT,  
LAURELTON



## *Laurelton Studios: A New Idea*

dered and well-based Foundation, while of course an experiment, cannot fail of success on the limited scale it is now undertaken. The first need was to secure the right kind of artists, neither untaught students nor mature proficient, but young men of promise. If comparisons were not misleading, one might point to the post graduate course of colleges; but while the latter is a course of specializing under notable teachers, in this case the graduate of studio or art school gets no instruction; he specializes by himself. For a nominal fee he receives board, lodging and attendance as a paying guest of the Foundation, with the chance to win a scholarship; only in return will he be expected to produce something in an art sense worth while, following his own methods and carrying out his own ideas. At present the guest is invited for the season only; it will depend on his work whether he will be notified that a place is kept for him the season following.

Very naturally there were many applications for summerings at Laurelton Hall in such delightful surroundings ever since the news of Mr. Tiffany's Foundation appeared in the press; but the number of studios being limited and great stress being laid on the character of the applicant's work, more or less red tape was unwound before the decision was made. Various art schools and art societies were addressed by Mr. Stanley Lothrop, the manager at Oyster Bay, asking them to recommend young men likely to appreciate a stay of three or six months or longer at the Laurelton Hall studios; there is no intention on the part of Mr. Tiffany however, to pin his faith to those thus recommended. The object is to invite men who have the instinct of art strong within them and have had a reasonable amount of instruction, men who know how to use their tools and will take full advantage of the opportunity given them to carry out whatever work they are "just longing" to tackle.

In the old days before the Civil War when Oyster Bay was a sleepy little village and the landlocked harbour rarely saw a yacht or a revenue cutter; when New York, some thirty miles away, was reached by steamboat or sloop, there were few summer residences and

still fewer residents who cared for art. Centre Island, Sagamore Hill and the pleasant margins of Cold Spring Harbour had no country houses, bungalows, homes of gentlemen farmers. Good roads there were, though none of the best, yet the beauty of the views along this part of the north shore, the glimpses of the noble Sound, the picturesque villages with their mill-ponds and brooks, the great masses of woodland and sudden vistas into bays and inlets were there as they are today. Oyster Bay is now more town than village and the roads are broader and more smooth; the greatest change is the building of summer homes of varied architecture on all the roads that radiate east, west and south, and the presence in the harbour of yachts and sailboats galore. The timid terrapin still lingers in the shallows, raccoon and possum and fox are not extinct and if the bays are no longer thronged with wild duck, the woods are full of birds despite the lawless pothunter. Laurelton Hall lies well away from the village in its own demesne, quiet, contemplative, a place for dreams and the working out of dreams into objective reality.

It is here that Mr. Tiffany is testing this new idea of a guest-house for young artists. In a building not far from the Hall there is a gallery of modern paintings by different hands; a chapel contains an altar rich in mosaics and windows of stained glass. The Hall is notable for many things beside his collections and art library. Water flowing by open channels through a central drawingroom on the ground floor supplies a fountain; it is a room filled with growing flowers. Flowers abound on the terrace overlooking Cold Spring Harbour; windows of lustre and opalescent glass from the glass kilns at Corona decorate the reading room on the same floor. Elsewhere one finds a famous collection of Japanese swordguards and other objects that speak for the arts of China and Byzantium, India and Persia. It is an old house, is Laurelton Hall; it has grown by accretions of wings, terraces, hot-houses, porches; not old enough to be venerable, yet offering evidence of having been the home of a family and only enlarged to meet the needs of an artist—and incidentally a great lover of flowers and a col-

## *Laurelton Studios: A New Idea*



SOUTH FACADE, LAURELTON

lector of objects of art. From the Hall as the centre it is but a short walk to the studios, the picture gallery, the chapel, the woods, the water, while the village, or call it the townlet of Oyster Bay is fifteen minutes distant by automobile.

So far there has been little or no employment of the model in the studios because it was found that the schools in which they were trained had rather overdone this feature for the students, indeed had starved them of nature work in landscape, the painting of flowers, the decorative treatment of natural form. The sculptors especially have found here an exceptional place for working out decorative problems from nature instead of following the hackneyed path of plaster cast and body designs. There has been some original work done in designs for jewelry, a jeweler and

silver worker's shop having been outfitted for the purpose.

Saturday afternoon has been set apart for visitors and in time it is proposed to hold in New York small exhibits of the work done by Foundation scholars whenever this proves of sufficient artistic worth.

In some respects Mr. Tiffany's plan is the most important move in American art since the formation of the Society of American Artists, now merged with the National Academy of Design. The American Academy at Rome provides scholarships for artists to reside abroad while this plan assists them in their work at home. Both are excellent in their several ways and it may be that as the Tiffany Foundation develops the home plan will prove to be an aid rather than a rival to the foreign.



## Book Reviews

### BOOK REVIEW

WILDERNESS, A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska by Rockwell Kent, New York. Putnam's. 1920.

WILDERNESS is an intimate account of the daily life of the artist and his ten-year-old son who went up to Alaska to paint. They lived on a little island in Resurrection Bay about thirteen miles from Seward. The only other inhabitant of the island was an old Alaska pioneer named Olson, a very lovable and genuine character as his personality is to breed for their skins. He found the artists, sketched in these pages. He kept a few goats and a pair of blue foxes which he was trying father and son, rowing around in the bay looking for a site to spend the winter, and forthwith invited them to his island. In due time they were comfortably installed in a made-over goat cabin and prepared to brave the rigours of an Alaska winter.

It is a simple story that is told in these pages, a genuine case of "plain living and high thinking." Kent tells of the daily chores of cooking and chopping wood, of the books he took with him and read, of the drawings and pictures he made; he tells of the pets the little boy had among the animals, magpies, porcupines, goats, etc., of his bathing and romping they made on the island and the bay. Much about in the snow, and of the exploring trips is made of Christmas time and the celebration is described in great detail. Glimpses are given of the old pioneer Olson, his stories of adventure are retold, extracts from his diary are given in their own quaint spelling. It is a chronicle of the simple life free from the complexities and multitudinous distractions of city life. It therefore has all the charm and freshness that simple genuine things have for the tensely-keyed city dweller. There are exciting moments in the narrative, too, such as, for example, the recital of how a storm overtook father and son while out in a small boat and how they narrowly escaped disaster.

Written as it was without thought of publication, there is a genuine ring to it and as such is a great revelation of character, both in strength and in weakness. To save duplication in letter writing Kent would jot down the daily events in the form of a diary, installments of which he would send off to

circulate among his family and intimate friends. It was this diary, together with extracts from other letters, that formed the basis of the book. Dorothy Canfield writes an illuminating introduction to the whole.

There are reproductions of about 45 of Kent's Alaska drawings. Among the most notable may be mentioned *The Hermit Series*, *The Pioneer's Life Series*, *North Wind*, *Snow Queen*, *Superman*, *Unknown Waters*, and *Rain Torrents*. Several of the boy's drawings are also reproduced, imaginative and beautiful pictures of animals.

An extract will suffice to give some idea of the original text:

"Alaska can be cold! Monday broke all records for the winter. Tuesday made that seem balmy. It was so bitterly cold here last night in our 'tight little cabin' that we had to laugh. Until ten o'clock when I went to bed the large stove was continuously red hot and running at full blast. And yet by then the water pails were frozen two inches thick—but ten feet from the stove and open water at supper time; my fountain pen was frozen on the table, Rockwell required a hot water bottle in bed, the fox food was solid ice, my paste was frozen, and that's all. My potatoes and milk I had stood near the stove. At twelve o'clock the clock stopped—starting again from the warmth of breakfast cooking. I put the water pail at night behind the stove close to it, and yet it was solid in the morning. We burn an unbelievable amount of wood, at least a cord a week in one stove. So I figure we earn a dollar a day cutting wood. We felled another tree today and cut most of it up. Still we manage to gain steadily with our wood pile always in anticipation of worse weather. Last night at sundown the bay appeared indescribably dramatic. Dense clouds of vapour were rising from the water obscuring all but a few peaks of the mountain and darkening the bay. But above, the sun shone dazzlingly on the peaks and through the thinner vapour, colouring this like flames. It was as if a terrible fire raged over the bay. This morning for hours it was dark from clouds of vapour. They swept in over our land and coated the trees of the shore with white frost."

# William H. de B. Nelson

September 27th, 1920

THE sudden passing of W. H. de B. Nelson, for eight years the Editor of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, cannot but come as a shock and a loss to the wide circle which he included in his interest, sympathy and friendship.

Not an editor of the business type, Mr. Nelson represented that older and now more rare type, to which editing was an intensely personal matter, a fabric of many sympathies and many friendships. He had a very definite personality, and in all his editorial and critical works, he reacted warmly to the personalities of those with whom he came in contact. Himself a painter, he thought and wrote in terms of understanding, colouring his criticisms with kindly satire and friendly badinage.

The criticism of art has always been a delicate and difficult matter, and at no time more than at present has been noticeable a greater scarcity of able critics. Combined with his knowledge and perception of the trend of modern art, and the work of the painters of today, Mr. Nelson was gifted with a happy facility for writing which made his criticisms read with double interest and pleasure.

But his work stands where all may read, as many have read, and it is rather of the man himself that I would speak, recalling to those who knew him an ever-genial, ever-interested friend, and giving to those who did not know him some little human pictures of the late Editor of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*.

Extensive travel, some years in British diplomatic work, varied experience, a love of beautiful things made him a conversationalist of unusual interest—and the art of conversation is fast becoming a lost art. And with all that went to make up the more serious side of his nature, all who knew him will remember that every contact, whether in the editorial office, at a lunch table in Keene's, or under the north light of a studio, was illumined by instantaneous but ever-recurrent flashes of wit and humour.

I think, somehow, that one of the most real memories of Mr. Nelson that I would wish to record is a memory of him surrounded by friends. To say, as I said at first, that he was a man of many friendships is to make a trite observation—unless I add that it was, in this case, unusually true. One remembers him always, it seems, in the act of having just left one friend and hurrying to join another. And he was never happier than when he had a group of his friends all together at a time.

At the time of writing this, many of Mr. Nelson's most esteemed friends chance to be in Europe—Christian Brinton, Raymond Wyer and Martin Birnbaum—but it is to be hoped that these and many who are nearer at hand will feel impelled to write a few words of recollection and reminiscence for publication in the next issue of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*.

Certainly a distinct loss will be felt by a greater number of painters and sculptors than could be easily enumerated.

But as a final thought, and with a vivid recollection of the man himself, if I were to write of the extent to which he, from his own point of view, attained his objective, a very well-known, but abidingly pleasant quotation would come into my mind:

"From life's earliest beginning  
Out to the undiscovered ends—  
There's nothing worth the wear of winning  
But laughter and the love of friends,"

—and I would feel that Mr. Nelson had, in full measure, won these.

MATLACK PRICE.



Sept. 28, 1920,  
N. Y. C.

In the passing on of W. H. de B. Nelson, whom it was my privilege to call friend, contemporary art loses one of its most devoted, sympathetic and profound personalities.

Himself an artist of unusual technical accomplishment in his chosen medium, yet a man with that rare quality to see and recognize merit wherever found. With a broad vision and an open, unbiased mind he stood a Peer among Editors.

WILLIAM OBERHARDT.



THE LATE  
W. H. DE B. NELSON





NIGHT  
[From "*Wilderness*"]

ROCKWELL  
KENT

# THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS OF C. M. GERE AND H. A. PAYNE. ▯

A FEW weeks ago I was discussing the work of C. M. Gere and H. A. Payne with another well-known artist who lives among the Cotswold Hills. "Don't you think," he said, "that there is something in the Cotswolds that gets hold of artists and powerfully influences their work?" He went on to name various artists, architects and craftsmen who have chosen the comparative remoteness of Gloucestershire to live and work in. All of these, he said, had come to work in something the same spirit: it is a deeply poetic spirit, dominated by great sincerity in technique and reverence for tradition. Without going so far as to claim the actual existence of a Cotswold School, in the stylistic sense, he declared that the qualities these men have in common are in the best sense conservative and English; and that, if a vital and national renaissance should take place in English art it ought to originate in Gloucestershire. ▯ ▯

Certainly, when allusion is made to

Mr. Gere or Mr. Payne, they are now more thought of in relation to something known as the "Cotswold" or "Stroud Valley" group, than as shining lights of the Birmingham School. But I confess that their change of address does not appear to coincide with any sharply-marked development in their style. The fact is that the tradition of the Birmingham School, dominated as it was by the powerful personalities of Burne-Jones and Morris, was the most healthy and national atmosphere in which to rear English artists, and men trained in that way found the Cotswolds the most congenial atmosphere to work in. It is the country where the finest English building remains to be seen in almost every village, recalling the power and beauty of continuity and tradition in work—a country where it is possible for an artist to set up his studio, as Mr. Payne has done, in a very sound little piece of thirteenth century architecture. A life of peace and sanity can be lived in the Cotswolds, undisturbed by ephemeral opinions and "movements." We may also face the dangers of it: no doubt such a life *may*



"THE VENETIAN PLAIN." WATER-COLOUR BY C. M. GERE



## THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS OF C. M. GERE AND H. A. PAYNE

isolate from what is good, as well as bad, in the artistic life of our time. If quite uninspired by the special enthusiasms of his own age, a man's work may become rather retrograde in spirit: and some modern critics would probably aver that the men I am now discussing have actually been lured into a backwater of lotuses, forsaking the real stream of life. Some qualities of their figure design and composition might appear to support this idea, but it is their landscape work which discloses the truth about it. ▯

In Mr. Gere's *Varallo*, for example, here reproduced in colour, the feeling of the work is undoubtedly modern: and yet it is classical—that is, you feel no doubt but that a Venetian painter would have agreed as to its harmony, and Claude would have appreciated its composition. Its mood, too, is rather of the deep, eternal kind that we associate with classical works of painting. But you would certainly not be mistaken as to its date, you would only be unable to call it Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, Cubist

or Futurist. For it is not, like so many modern works, an experiment in technique—brilliant, or extraordinary, or even desperate as these often are. Such works have generally not much value beyond the experimental—which means that they are ephemeral. But, experiments apart, the real achievement of the artist, modern or otherwise, is to represent things which are neither ancient, modern nor future but eternal, and in the spirit of beauty, which is something more eternal still. And, oddly enough, when he succeeds, his success is always quietly but unmistakably modern: which is the case with Mr. Gere's landscape paintings. ▯ ▯

This painter's landscapes impress one chiefly, at first, by their power of design. The shapes of things seen are serene, balanced, harmonious, and the tone and colour always falls naturally into a definite and simple scheme—a feature very noticeable in *A Cotswold Quarry* (below) a subject of storm-cloud and sunlight which might almost be called "Variations upon four colours." But these paintings owe



"A COTSWOLD QUARRY"  
BY C. M. GERE



"A WELSH FARM." WATER-COLOUR BY C. M. GERE

their existence to the sincerest outdoor study, and you can see that they are full of first-hand observation of Nature. Indeed, the opposite qualities of true representation and original creation are so well balanced in Mr. Gere's work that its existence is specially good in these days, when some theorists assert that likeness to Nature is a purely accidental and unnecessary quality of art, nearly exasperating others into a declaration of Realism as the whole mission of painting.

Mr. Gere's training was of the sort that might well develop this quality of balance between Nature and design. In his Birmingham days he worked personally for William Morris, subordinating his representative skill to the just re-discovered and delightful traditions of decorative art, and also to the exacting and limiting technique of the wood engraver. At this time, also, he did some painting of a Ruskinian elaboration and detailed finish. And much of this still went on

when he had begun his painting tours in Italy, revelling in mountains and clouds, and in untrammelled and autonomous expression of them. But the love of a severe and sound technique is ingrained in a man: its happiest result with Mr. Gere has been to set him to work with tempera, in which he does so well that one would not be sorry to see him devote himself chiefly to it. In several mediums Mr. Gere has shown his power over material. *The Venetian Plain*, for example (p. 43), is most typical of the aptitude of water-colour for the most transparent and limpid effects: although elsewhere other kinds of subjects have made him use water-colour in a very different manner, which is also able and forcible.      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦

Although Mr. Payne has been trained in very much the same spheres of influence as Mr. Gere, he has worked much more at handicrafts, and is, professionally speaking, more of a craftsman than a painter *per se*.





"OWLPEN." WATER-  
COLOUR BY HENRY  
A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.

His longest travels were made to study stained glass and not to paint landscapes ; and, indeed, his landscape painting has mostly been done within easy reach of his own house and garden, if not actually within the latter. And there is a rather striking difference observable between his two ways of work. His decorative work, such as stained glass and mural painting, is truly in the Morris manner, and almost hieratically designed, deeply imbued with the traditions : while his landscapes—per-

haps the more recent ones especially—are done in a holiday spirit, are pure in their enjoyment of Nature, so that their composition seems to be almost entirely unconscious. It happens that two of the present illustrations—*Owlpen* and the *Ruined House* (p. 47)—do not support this statement very well, for they are still rather decorative in spirit ; but *Evening* (p. 48) and *Morning Light* (p. 49) are much more typical of the sort of water-colours that Mr. Payne paints about Amberley when—



"THE RUINED HOUSE." WATER-  
COLOUR BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S





"EVENING." WATER-COLOUR  
BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.

ever he can find the time. They are very tender and sensitive in colouring, and the drawing can best be called *affectionate*, for they are essentially the works, not of ambition, but of pure affection. Perhaps it is not uncommon that, in the hours of his relaxation, something comes out of a man which he feels to be better than his greatest efforts or his most coveted commissions. Some of the beauties of these little landscapes are hardly reproducible: they are of the greatest delicacy. ▯ ▯

I think, personally, that Mr. Payne has done stained glass equal to almost any in modern times; but, when I was looking at some cartoons of previous work of this kind, he pointed to the top of one of the drawings, where a glimpse of landscape was designed to show above the aureoled heads of the saints. That, he thought, was the best thing he had ever done in glass, that little vista of trees and hills. Such a confession comes from the heart, and is of more authority than any criticism. It indicates the inspiration of landscape, I believe, to artists not specially painters of

it. It occurs to a man, while finishing his altar-piece, how much rather he would be out watching the colours of the sky or the shadows of the trees, making little pictures of them to please no one but himself: and yet it is chiefly that rarely gratified desire that makes him an artist, and the altar-piece what it is. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

That is as it may be: but certainly Mr. Payne's landscape studies are the genuine expressions of a lover, unpremeditated and direct. I have dwelt upon this one characteristic of his art because we are only discussing landscape work at the moment, and this is how it appealed to me. There are other valuable qualities in it, some of which may be seen by simply looking at these reproductions. For the artists who paint in the Cotswolds do not require a special school of criticism to interpret their work, and their common spirit, which Mr. Payne so simply expresses, is an easily comprehensible one—the love of a lovely country of green hills and stone buildings, brooded over by a sense of ancient prosperity and greatness. PHILIPPE MAIRET.



"MORNING LIGHT." WATER-  
COLOUR BY H. A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.  
(IN THE POSSESSION OF W. A. HARVEY, ESQ.)







"TOILET." WOOD-  
CUT BY M. BROWN

## THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.    ♦    ♦    ♦    ♦

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago the Technical Education Board of the London County Council planned its first school of arts and crafts, which was opened at a house in Regent Street, nearly opposite the Polytechnic, in November, 1896. Professor Lethaby and Mr. (now Sir George) Frampton were its original directors, and for more than ten years useful work was done in Regent Street, despite cramped quarters and imperfect equipment. It was not until 1908 that the construction was finished of a school worthy of the greatest city in the world, and towards the close

of that year the London County Council established its classes for crafts and design in the vast building of grey stone that dominates the Holborn end of Southampton Row. How vast that building is no one realizes until he has been through it, from the spacious lecture hall on the ground floor to the light and airy studios on the fifth.    ♦    ♦    ♦

Although on every floor there are large classrooms, studios and workshops, the space is still none too great for the army of pupils they attract, for in the eight years that have elapsed since Mr. F. V. Burridge left the Liverpool School of Art to take the post of Principal here the London County Council Central School of Art has become the largest institution of its





"FEEDING THE CALVES." LITHO-  
GRAPH BY VIVIEN GRIBBLE

kind in the Kingdom, and the names of about two thousand students are on its books. Since its foundation other crafts schools have been established by the Council, and these also have made excellent progress. But last year, reverting to what was always the original intention, the Council decided that the school in Southampton Row should be its Central School in the highest sense, and that it should be provided with ample facilities for the most advanced practice in silversmiths' work and its allied crafts; textiles; stained glass and mosaic; painted, sculptured and architectural decoration; book production; furniture; dress design; and engraving. The necessary auxiliary instruction is also provided in architecture and building crafts, and in drawing and painting. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

In its present development the Central School is really a group of schools congregated under one roof, each conducted independently but working in co-ordination with the rest, and all directed

by the Principal. It may be compared in some respects with a University, and in this connection it is interesting to know that the Council has lately decided to empower its Central School to grant diplomas for craftsmanship. The award of its diploma will demand a high standard of achievement in the craft practised, and will probably be based on examination and on the production of an original



WOODCUT BY RACHEL  
A. MARSHALL  
(By permission of Messrs.  
Heal and Son)



"THE SHOWER." LITHO-  
GRAPH BY MARIAN ELLIS

piece of work. The work will not be done in the school, for diplomas will only be given to men whose training has been completed, and not until they have been practising their crafts independently for at least two years. ■ ■ ■ ■

The Central School is at the head of those belonging to the London County

Council as the Royal College of Art is at the head of the Board of Education Schools; but the Central School does not, like the Royal College, undertake the training of teachers. It is essentially a school of production in which the pupils are taught to make things, and where they can practise in exceptionally favourable conditions and under the direction of experts, the crafts by which they hope to earn their livings later on. Naturally it is, and must be, principally a school for professionals, and in its earlier days at Regent Street the amateur, if not entirely shut out, was certainly not welcomed. Mr. Burridge takes a broader view. He recognises the stimulus the crafts have received in modern times through men like William Morris and Mr. Cobden Sanderson, who began as amateurs, and declines to exclude others who hope to follow in their footsteps. He thinks



WOODCUT BY RACHEL  
A. MARSHALL  
(By permission of Messrs.  
Heal and Son)





"FAUNS." AQUATINT  
BY SIDNEY LONG

that it is in many ways a good thing, both for the craftsman and the amateur, that they should work side by side at the bench. Therefore he admits the amateur, if—but only if—he is capable and keen. The same qualifications are demanded of every candidate for admission, and numbers are rejected on the ground of insufficient preliminary training. These splendidly equipped workshops are not for beginners (except in the case of the boys who work in the day technical schools) but for those who have already mastered the elements and come to Southampton Row to increase their knowledge. Over and over again the Principal has to tell prospective students that the specimens they bring him are not good enough, and to advise them to go back to the schools in which they have been working and come to him again in six months' or a year's time.

And for the students who are admitted

there must be no slackening of effort. The object of the Principal and the instructors in all the crafts is to bring out the latent qualities of their pupils, and if the pupils show signs of incapacity to develop, or lack of interest in their work, they may find that the Central School has no further use for them. Mr. Burridge has the power of selection, and he would like, if it were possible, to control the leaving of the pupils as well as their admission; to forbid them to apply for posts as craftsmen until he was sure that they were properly trained.

This desire must be common to every conscientious teacher of crafts, for it is injurious to the reputation of training classes generally for an immature student to apply for an engagement on the strength of crude designs and imperfect specimens of workmanship. The manufacturer, when he looks at them and hears that their author is the product of some well-

## THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



"THE LANDGATE, RYE—EARLY MORNING." WOODCUT BY M. BERRIDGE

known crafts school, is apt to regard the work before him as typical, and to condemn unjustly alike the institution and the system. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In the case of the boys of thirteen or fourteen who join the day technical schools in silversmiths' and jewellers' work, or in book production, there is an understanding that they shall remain in the school until they are about sixteen. Their courses of instruction cover a period of about three years, and include not only technical training but the improvement of their general education, which is under the direction of specially appointed teachers. They all seem happy and busy enough at Southampton Row, and they should be, for everything is

done to make their work attractive. At the end of their courses they are apprenticed to firms of recognised standing, and the time spent in the school is counted as two years of their period of apprenticeship. This is a valuable feature of the work of the Central School, and its usefulness is recognized by the employers and the trade unions, who are directly represented in the Consultative Committees that advise and assist the Council. Among other things the boys issue a magazine, for the writing and printing of which they are entirely responsible, as well as for the woodcuts that form the illustrations. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

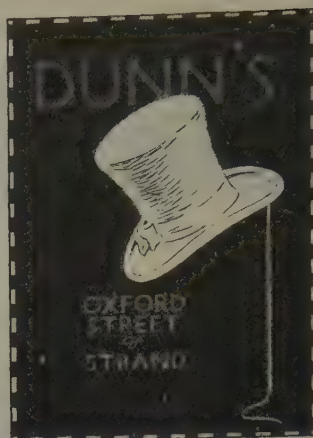
On the first floor is the school of silversmiths' work and the allied crafts, directed



FROM A WOODCUT  
BY NORA WRIGHT



# THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



DESIGNS FOR POSTERS. LITHO-  
GRAPHS BY ALFRED A. BESTALL

by Mr. W. Augustus Steward. The allied crafts taught here include jewellery, diamond mounting, die-sinking, metal seal-engraving, decorative metal work, enamelling, bronze and other metal casting, and electrotyping. The book production school is on the second floor, and includes a complete printing equipment; and classes for writing, lettering and illumination, etching, line engraving and mezzotint, wood engraving, music engraving and lithography; as well as everything connected with bookbinding. The third floor is almost monopolized by the school of furniture, in which

excellent work shown is produced by the pupils of Mr. Charles Spooner and his colleagues. The furniture shop is one of the largest in the building. Adjoining it are rooms for upholstery and furniture designing, a studio for general drawing, and a woodcarving school.

On the fourth floor is a large studio for general modelling; rooms for modelling from the life, both for men and women students; the book illustration class under Mr. Noel Rooke; and a stone carving studio.

There are no passenger lifts at present at the Central School, but the ascent by

## THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



BEATRICE V. HOOD

MRS. CAYLEY ROBINSON

GERTRUDE E. COHEN

POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY STUDENTS OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

numerous stairs to the topmost height is worth making apart from the prospect of examining the studios and workshops on the fifth floor, for the great building in Southampton Row towers above the neighbouring houses, and from its summit is to be obtained a marvellous view of London and the country round it for many miles, spread out like a map. Here,

out of the din, is the stained-glass studio where the pupils of Mr. Karl Parsons and Mr. A. J. Drury are taught to do everything with window glass except actually to make it. Here, too, is the school of textiles and costume, where, within the last year or two, looms have been set up, and the swiftly moving fingers of men and women can be seen



ANNIE E. MAULE

RACHEL A. MARSHALL  
WINIFRED S. WILLIAMS

ANNIE E. MAULE

POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY STUDENTS OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



## THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



EVANGELISTS' EMBLEMS (4)  
IN COPPER, CLOISSONNÉ,  
BY A. N. KIRK; TWO CIRCULAR  
PLAQUES, PAINTED ENAMEL,  
BY KATHLEEN DRUMMOND;  
PIERCED METAL BROOCH  
BY A. C. ROBERTON

PECTORAL CROSS, SILVER,  
CLOISSONNÉ, BY WINIFRED  
WHITESIDE; KNIGHT PANEL,  
SILVER, CLOISSONNÉ, BY A. N.  
KIRK; THREE HERALDIC  
SHIELDS, BY DAY TECHNICAL  
PUPILS

EXAMPLES OF WORK BY  
STUDENTS IN THE DEPART-  
MENT OF SILVERSMITHING  
AND JEWELLERY, LONDON  
COUNTY COUNCIL CENTRAL  
SCHOOL OF ARTS AND  
CRAFTS

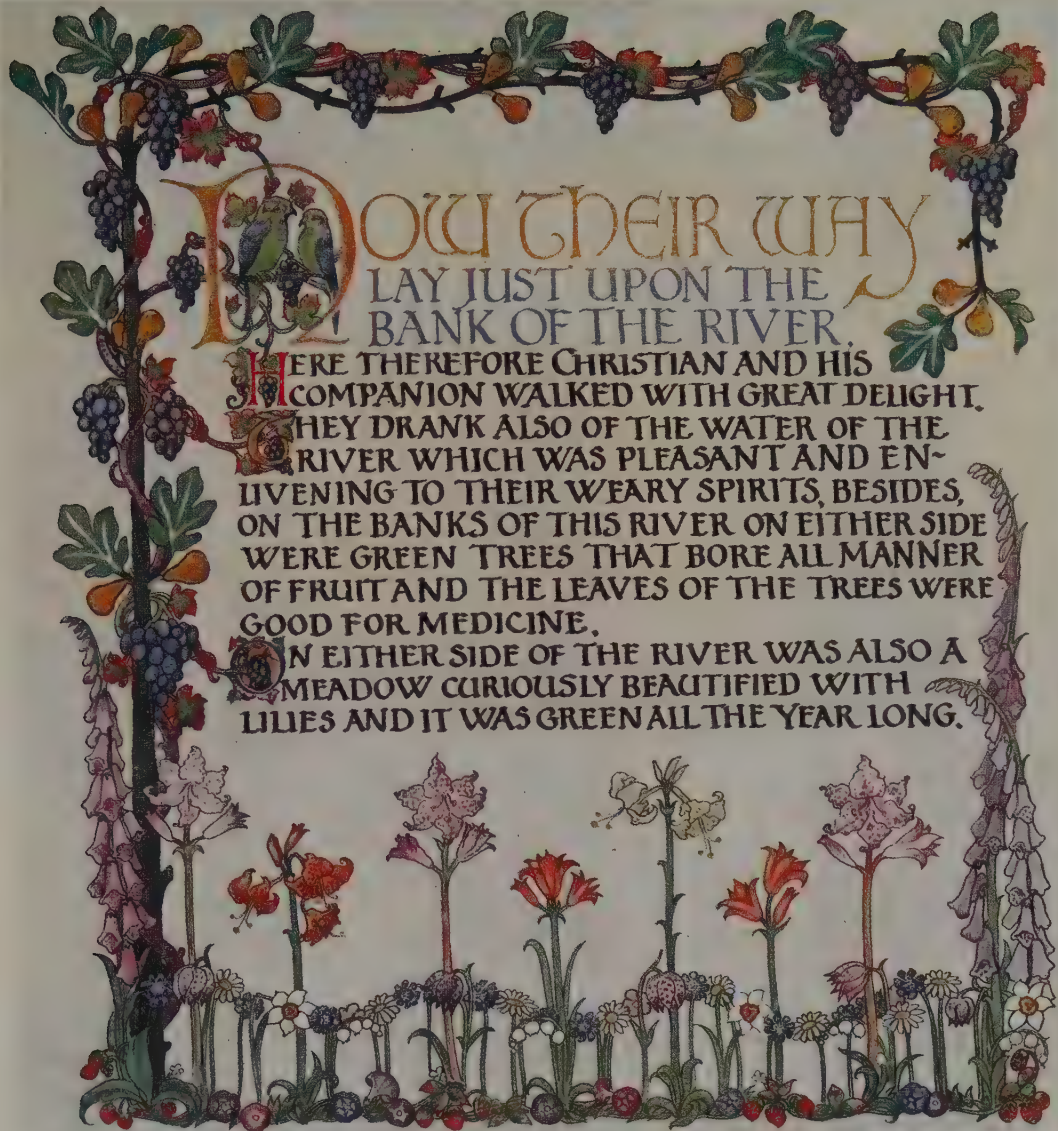
translating designs sketched on paper into colour and rich fabric.

Some of the weavers are disabled ex-service men, numbers of whom are just now at the Central School learning different crafts, and in most cases making excellent progress. Many of them, in fact, have finished their training and have obtained permanent employment in the trades they took up. Examples of the work done by these men, in furniture jewellery and weaving, were shown at the recent school exhibition, and were tributes alike to their intelligence and industry and to the care and skill of their teachers. The classes for training them were organized in conjunction with the Ministry of Labour and the London War Pensions Committee. Their instruction in silversmiths' and jewellers' work is undertaken by Mr. W. A. Steward, Mr. G. H. Lovering and Mr. F. F. Henes; in cabinet making by Mr. C. Spooner, Mr. E. P. Stokes and Mr.

A. T. Payne; and in tapestry and rug weaving by Mr. Luther Hooper and Mr. W. Taylor.

Such studies as drawing, painting and modelling from the life are of course secondary to the main intention of the Central School, which is to preserve the ancient traditions of British handicrafts, while furthering their modern development in design and execution. But if secondary they are essential to the advanced student of design, and it is satisfactory to see from the exhibited works that the standard here of drawing from the life is as high as it is in craftsmanship. An interesting essay by two of the students in the life class, Miss Jackson and Miss Haythorne, is in progress at the top of the principal staircase, a wall painting in fresco of a London street scene, gay and bright in colour, and treated throughout with attractive simplicity.

WILLIAM T. WHITLEY.



ILLUMINATED TEXT FROM  
"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."  
BY M. C. BOWERLEY.

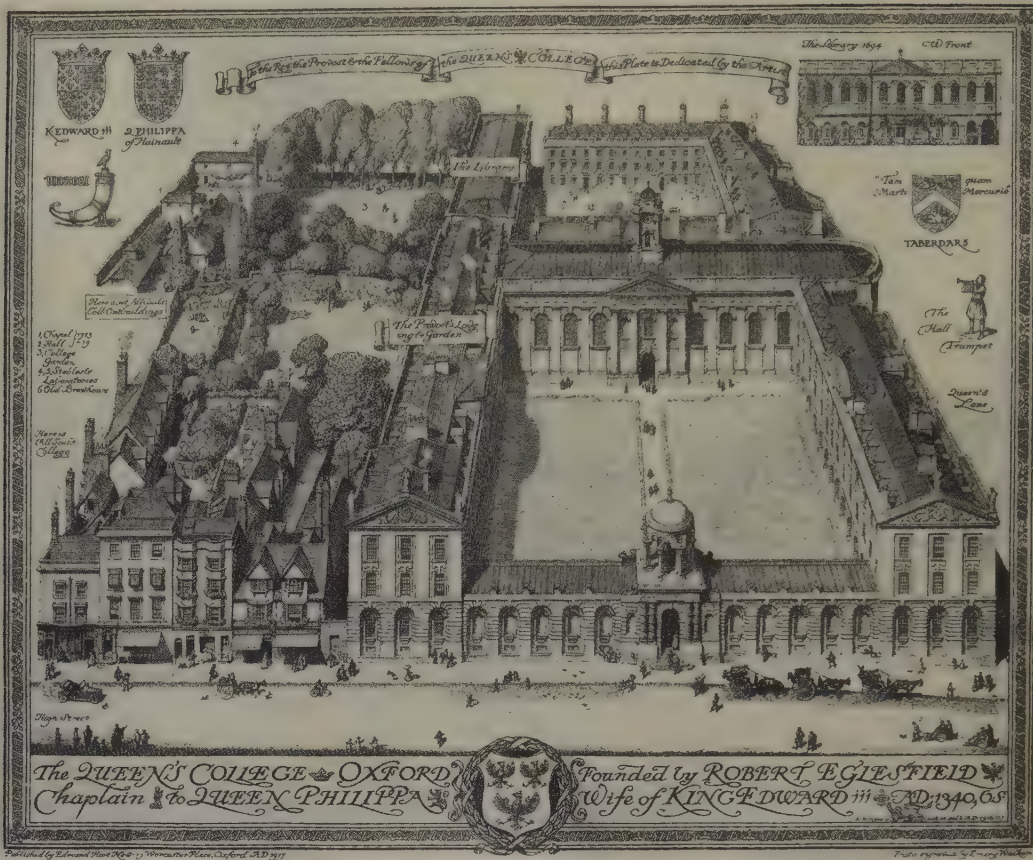








MR. EDMUND H. NEW'S "LOGGAN" DRAWINGS



"QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD"  
DRAWN BY EDMUND H. NEW

whole composition. If one has a fault to find with these beautiful drawings it is that they are too uniformly pleasing, so that unless one is personally acquainted with the actual buildings depicted, and with their respective dates, one might easily mistake modern and unworthy accretions for genuine antiquities. To say this, however, is to pay the highest tribute that could be paid to Mr. New's claims as an artist.

And now to come to details. Mr. New's view of Exeter College (not here reproduced) is taken from the west, as were both Loggan's and Williams's. Williams, however, stands, as it were, looking within the quadrangle only, omitting

altogether the western range. The latter was refaced by Underwood in 1834. Mr. New gives an inset of Sir Gilbert Scott's chapel from the south. The drawing, as compared with David Loggan's, shows how little of the original work remains visible, the college having virtually been remodelled by Scott between 1854 and 1860.

University College is viewed from the north, but has been much extended since David Loggan's time. The first addition since then, begun in 1716 through the munificence of Dr. Radcliffe, is of course illustrated in Mr. New's drawing, as are the later extensions to east and west, including the incongruous dome, erected









"THE CITY AND PORT  
OF LONDON, A.D. 1919"  
DRAWN BY EDMUND  
HORT NEW





"ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD"  
DRAWN BY EDMUND  
HORT NEW

in recent years to enshrine the nude statue of Shelley. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Queen's College, wholly rebuilt since Loggan's time, is shown from a totally different aspect, the principal buildings of the existing college facing south instead of east. ■

In respect of the view of Oriel College, the "Oriel Record" for March 1920 remarks: "We regret that Mr. New has been beguiled into giving currency to a historical error in ascribing the foundation of the college to Adam de Brome." The college regards Edward II as founder; a claim to which the facts that the sovereign for the time being is Visitor, and that the college arms are the royal arms, the three leopards, only differenced within a bordure, certainly give warrant. Mr. New's view, taken from the steeple of St. Mary's Church, necessarily gives great prominence to the Cecil Rhodes frontage upon High Street as the northern extremity of the college. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Mr. New's prospect of Christ Church is taken, like Loggan's in 1673, from the west, but shows, of course, the later additions, viz. Wren's superstructure with its cupolas over the main gateway, the modern Meadow buildings, built under John Ruskin's Venetian-Gothic influence, and Bodley's handsome tower over the hall staircase. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Lastly, Mr. New has produced a splendid panorama of the City and Port of London, so large that it has to be printed on two sheets, the range of view stretching from the Temple on the west, or left, to the Tower Bridge on the east. Having the top of the tower of St. Mary Overie, now called St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the foreground, the drawing includes five, or parts of five, bridges. In this connexion it is interesting to recall that, until the eighteenth century, London Bridge was the only bridge to span the Thames below Kingston, a fact which immensely enhanced the importance of London Bridge itself. The latter—old London Bridge, that is—figures conspicuously in the views respectively by Wijngaerde (c. 1550), Visscher (1616), and Wenceslas Hollar (1647), with which the present view deserves to be compared, as also indeed it is well worthy to be accorded a place. ■ ■ ■

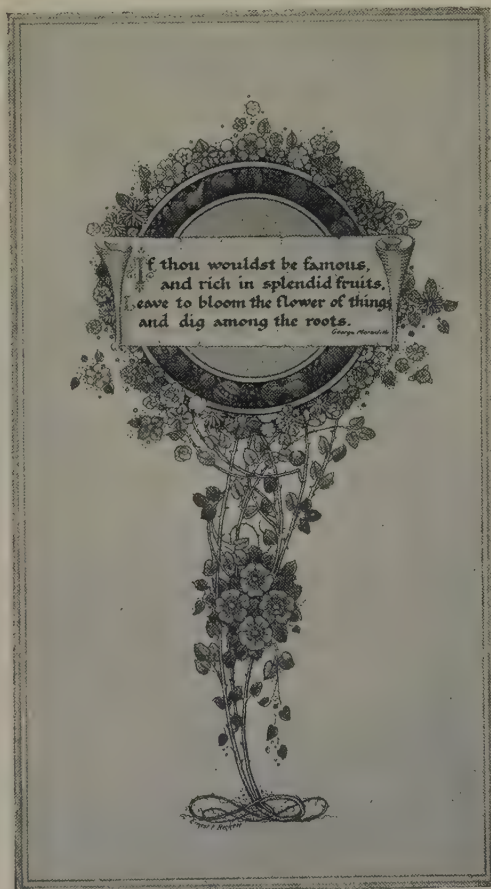
AYMER VALLANCE

## STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—We reproduce on this page an attractive example of illuminated lettering by Mr. Ernest F. Beckett, an accomplished practitioner in this branch of art. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The recent exhibition of British Art, 1830-1850, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, was unfortunately marred by the sudden illness and death of Mr. C. Campbell Ross, who had been associated with this institution almost from its beginning nineteen years ago, and since the death of Mr. H. E. Teed on the field of battle in 1917 had been in sole charge of it. Mr. Ross was over seventy years of age and his sudden demise appears to have been in some



ILLUMINATED TEXT. BY  
ERNEST F. BECKETT



measure due to the strain which the organization of the last exhibition entailed upon him. To a representative of this magazine who had a talk with him at the gallery soon after the opening of the exhibition and a day or two before he was taken ill, he spoke of the difficulties he had had to contend with in arranging it, and it was clear that in his efforts to make the show as successful as possible he had not spared himself, though with his habitual cheerfulness he was, as always, loth to complain. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ From Edinburgh about the same time came the news of the death of Mr. C. H. Mackie, member of the Royal Scottish Academy, chiefly noted for a remarkable series of Italian landscapes painted by him in recent years. In these as in all his work, which besides painting, included numerous interesting experiments in wood-block printing, colour is the distinguishing trait. An example of his landscape painting was reproduced by us in colour some four years ago. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

At the Dorien Leigh Galleries in Bruton Street an exhibition is being held this month of modern woodcuts in colour and monochrome. The exhibits include the four prints by Mr. Seewald, Mr. Goldschmit, and Mr. C. Thiemann respectively, of which reproductions are given on this and the following pages. ■ ■ ■

A portion of the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, popularly known as the Tate Gallery, was reopened to the public in July, and the improvements effected both in the arrangement of the exhibits and in the decoration of the rooms, have been received with general favour, though strong criticism has been passed on the removal from the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square of certain works by early English masters, Hogarth and Reynolds more particularly, on the ground that their transfer greatly detracts from the prestige of the British Collection at the premier institution. However, we are all truly thankful to see the "Tate" once more accessible, and when the remaining rooms are surrendered by the Government and restored to their proper function, the Gallery with its treasures carefully selected and unburdened of much of the more trivial work

which has found its way there, will be a truly worthy monument of British Art.

Mrs. Stabler's garden figure, *The Young Mother*, reproduced on page 73, shows that concrete is capable of being put to other than purely utilitarian uses, and one advantage it possesses for outdoor sculpture is its durability. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Miss Doris Stacey whose etching, *Study of an Old Woman*, reproduced on page 74, won for her a British Institute Scholarship, shows a remarkable aptitude for character studies of this kind. She was until recently a student in the etching class at the Goldsmiths' College School of Art under Mr. F. Marriott, the Headmaster. ■

The models of which we give illustrations on page 75 have this merit—that they are designed not to be looked at merely, but to be handled, and they are so well made that in the absence of any serious catastrophe they are likely to be still in going order long after their bright colours have faded or worn off. The manufacturers, Sabulite (Great Britain) Ltd. of Ware, rightly describe them as "working" models and the proper pro-



"BILEAM'S ASS"  
WOODCUT BY SEEWALD  
(Dorien Leigh Gallery)

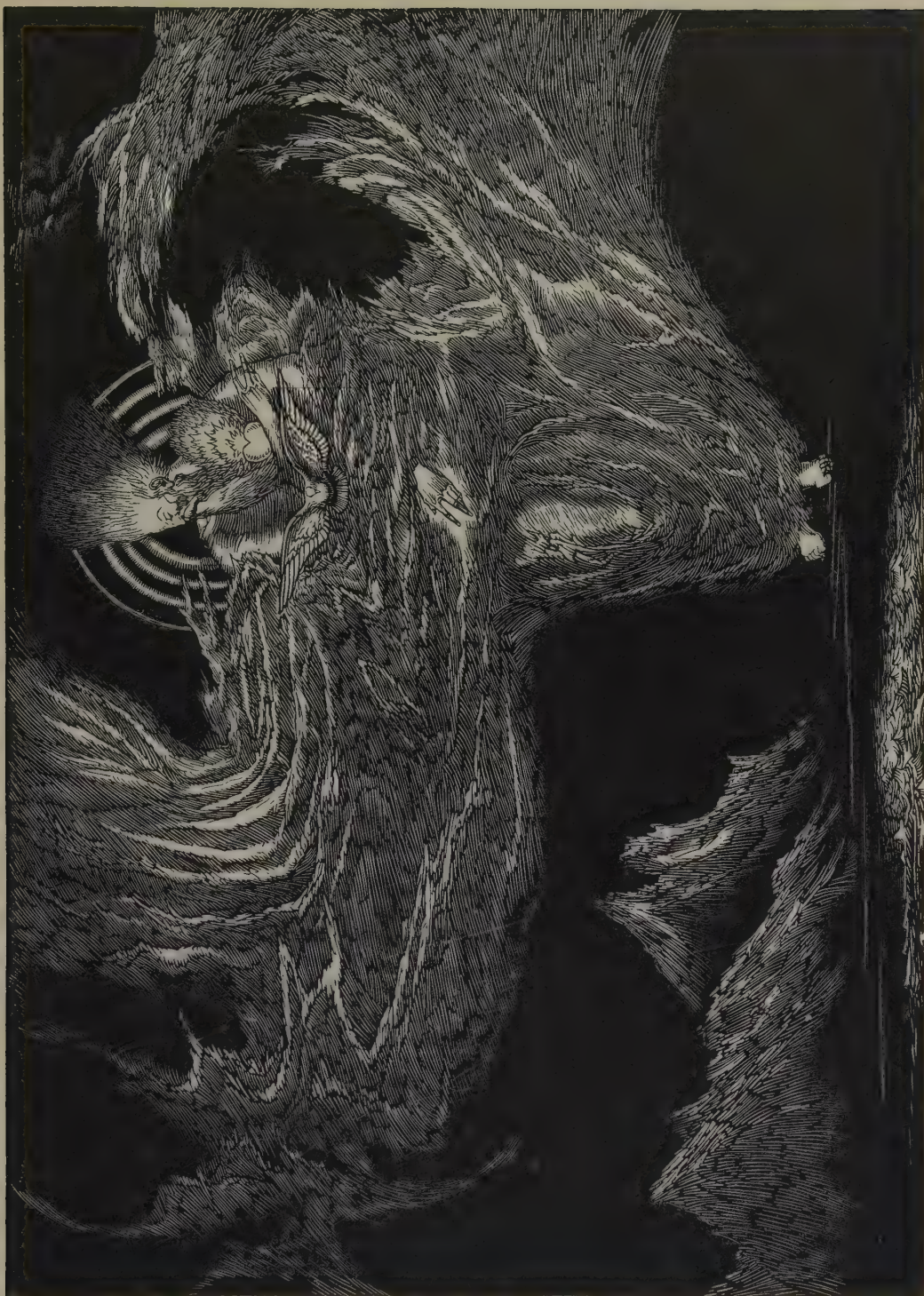


THE  
STU-  
DIO

"THE BEND OF THE RIVER."  
FROM A WOODBLOCK  
PRINT BY C. THIEMANN.  
(DORIEN LEIGH GALLERY.)





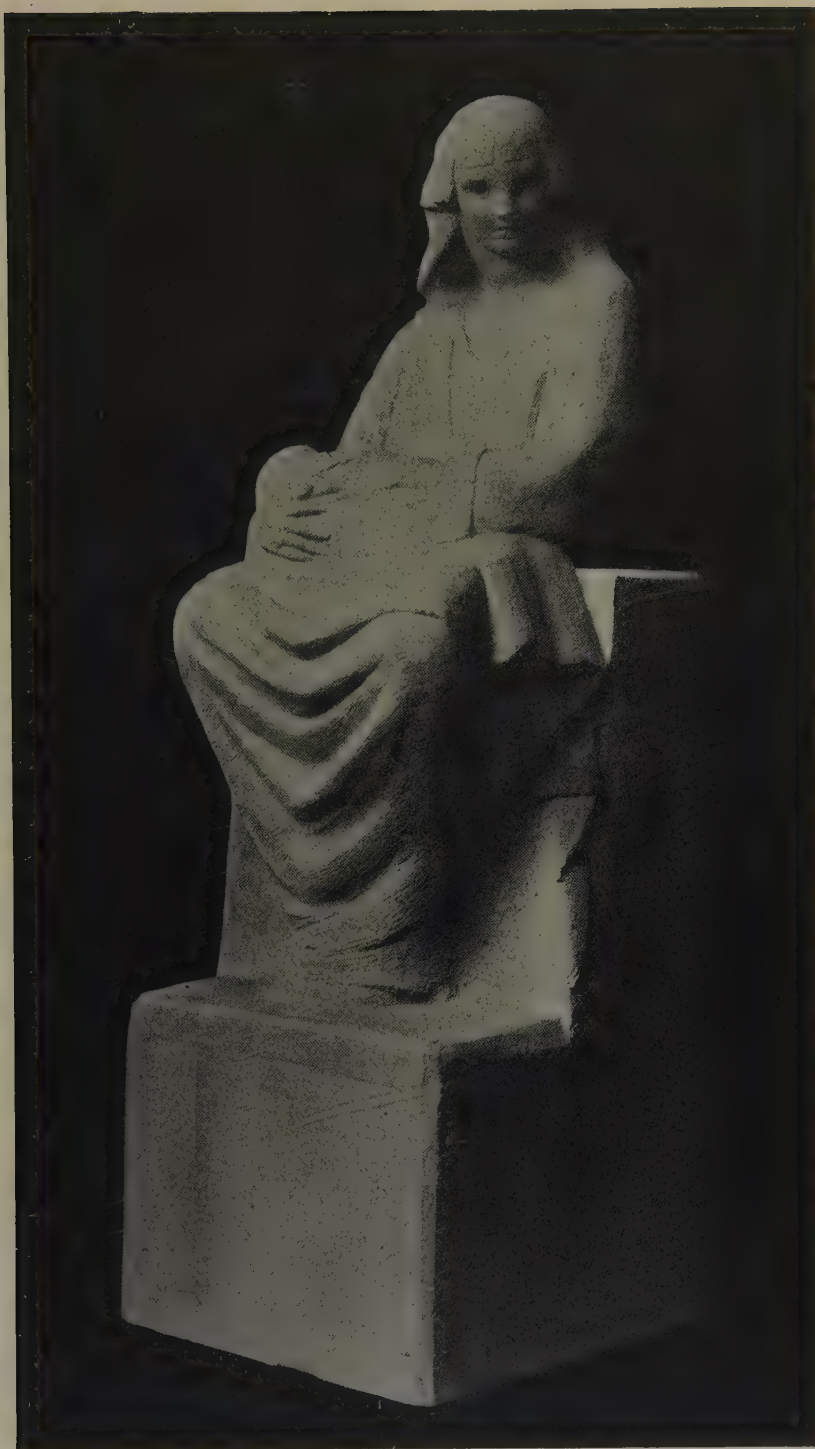


"CREATION." WOODCUT  
BY P. GOLDSCHMIT  
(Dorfen Leigh Gallery)





"CANAL, STOCKHOLM." FROM  
A WOODCUT BY C. THIEMANN  
(Dorien Leigh Gallery)

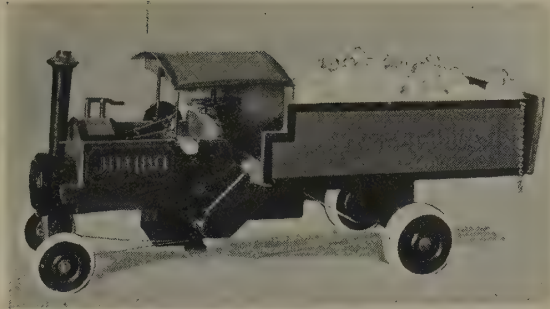
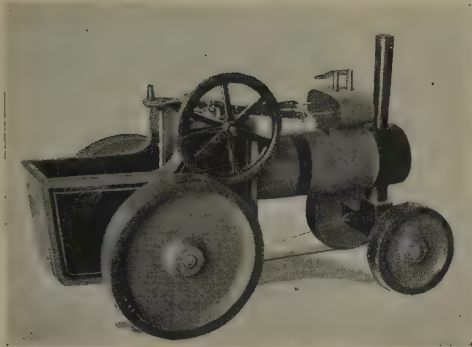


"THE YOUNG MOTHER"  
CONCRETE GARDEN FIGURE  
BY PHOEBE STABLER





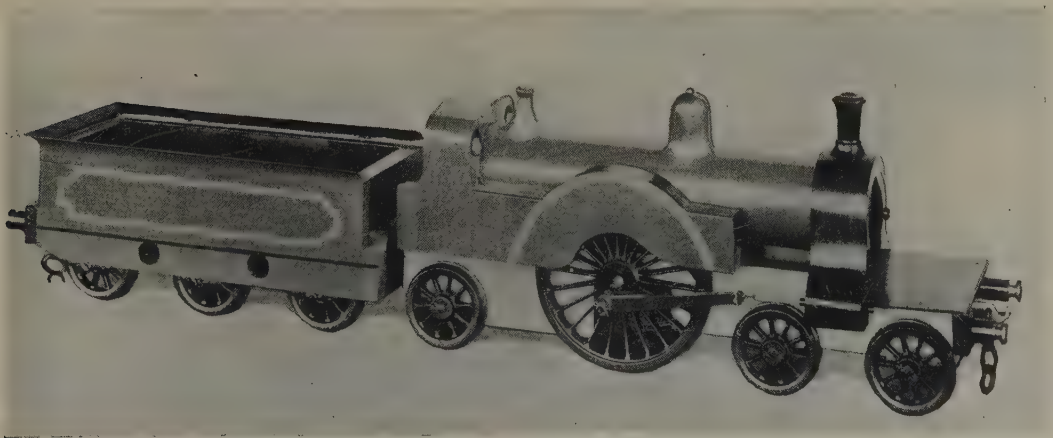
"STUDY OF AN OLD WOMAN"  
FROM AN ETCHING BY  
DORIS STACEY



PAINTED WOOD MODELS  
BY SABULITE, LTD.

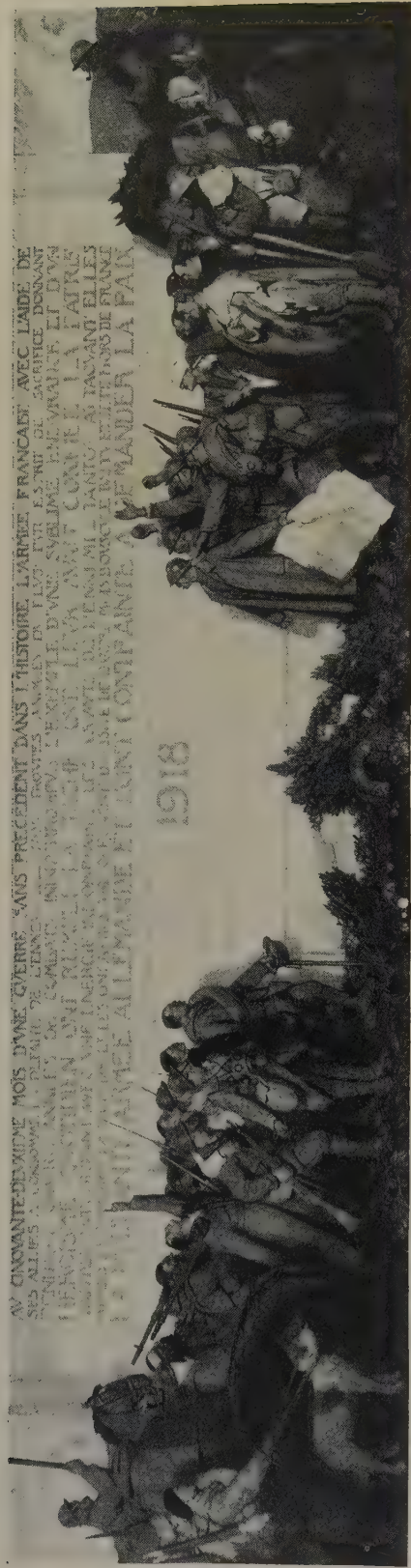
portions are maintained throughout. This firm, whose main business is the manufacture of explosives, had a good show of these models at the last British Industries Fair and their enterprise in taking up this kind of production is to be commended. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

PARIS.—The salons of 1920—the first real salons since 1914—were far from exciting the curiosity with which these springtime manifestations were wont to be followed in the years before the war. It seems evident that the public at large is becoming more and more disinterested

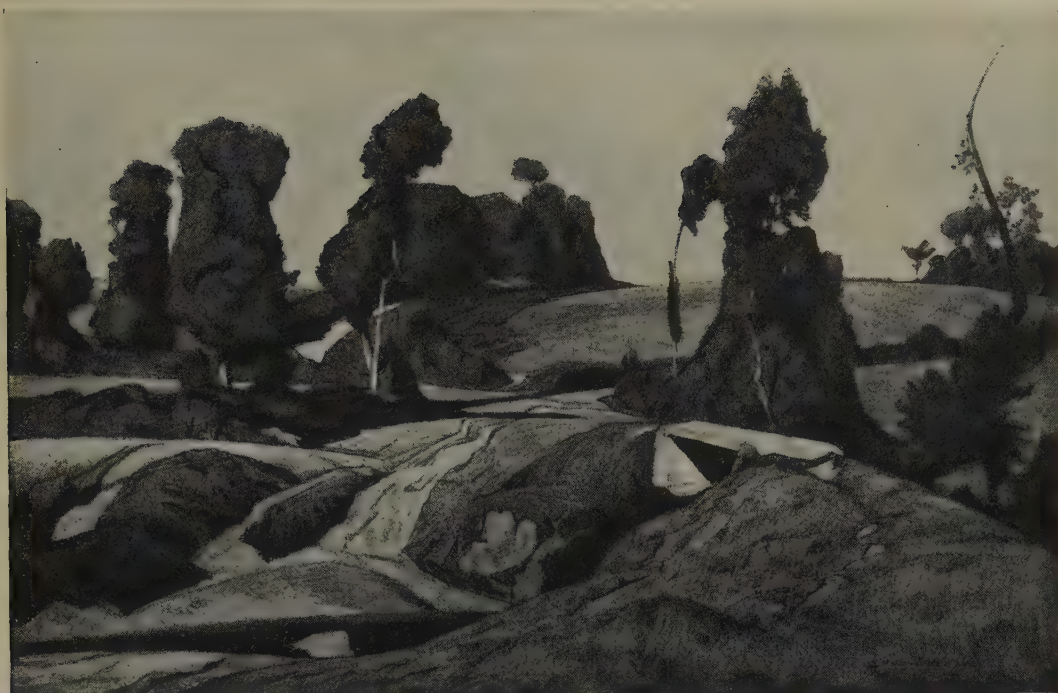


PAINTED WOOD MODEL  
BY SABULITE, LTD.





"1918." TRIPTYCH BY  
 GEORGES PAUL LEROUX  
 (Société des Artistes Français)



"LA POYAROSSE, À ST.-PAUL-DE-VARAX  
(AIN)." BY LOUIS JOURDAN  
(Société des Artistes Français)

in these big artistic events, and as to that narrower public constituted of true *amateurs*, it is no longer at the Grand Palais, either in the salon of the Société Nationale or in that of the Artistes Français, that it cares to seek what it wants, being sure of not finding it there. ▀

The fact is that there is always a salon in Paris from October to June; the number of private galleries has been growing during the past decade, and even since the Armistice, and now reaches considerable proportions, which is, of course, proof of the increasing prosperity of the traffic in works of art. As a result, artists of originality and independence are forsaking the official salons, which are now by no means so representative of present day art as they used to be. That is not to say that in one or the other of these salons works of genuine interest are not to be met with; if it is undoubtedly true that mediocrity predominates, it is no less true that artists who really count, have remained loyal to one or other of the two

Societies and reserve for the salons their best work. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

If, in any case, one would follow the progress of French sculpture, it is only at the salons that this can be done, and it would not be going too far to say that French sculpture always occupies the first place in the universal evolution of art. The public, however, takes but a relatively small interest in it; more than ever it is susceptible to the prestige of colour, and there are many people who take a genuine interest in painting yet pay but little regard to the art that is truly plastic—sculpture. We have indeed no lack of first-rate sculptors, such as MM. Bourdelle, Bartholomé, Desbois, Despiau, Bouchard, Landowski, Marque, Dejean, Roche, Quillivic, Mme. Serruys, and Mlle. Poupelet; and it is to a sculptor that the Grand Prix National has this year been awarded—M. Paul Dardé, whose *Faune* is an original and powerful work. ▀

One feature of the Société Nationale's salon which it would not be fair to pass



## STUDIO-TALK

over, was the retrospective exhibition of works by deceased masters who were members—Carrière, Puvis de Chavannes, Roll, Stevens, Alexandre Charpentier, Rodin, Sisley, La Touche, Cazin, Dalou, Carolus-Duran, Meissonnier and Duez. The works of MM. Lucien Simon, Aman-Jean, Besnard, Le Sidaner, Emile Claus, Duhem, Maurice Denis, Paul Baudouin, Dinet, Charles Guérin, Van Dongen, Suréda, Raffaelli, René Ménard, and Mlle. Boznanska all deserved particular attention, albeit they did not tell us anything new about these artists, whose merits are well known and generally acknowledged. One cannot expect an artist to be always changing, and we are only too happy when he maintains his own high standard, as is the case with the artists just named. As to any revelations, they were unfortunately absent; the young artists turn more and more to the Salon d'Automne, which thus becomes a means of linking the

independants with the official salons, but the connection is far from being effected, and perhaps it is undesirable that it should ever be effected. The young men detest—and quite rightly—all this system of awards, medals, mentions, etc., which has remained an appanage of the Artistes Français; they resent it as an invasion of their independence. It cannot be denied that this spirit marks an improvement in artistic manners. The system is, indeed, very harmful because of the base expedients which it compels those artists who still submit to it to adopt; but that is, after all, their own concern, and if they like to submit, they may. ■ ■ ■

It was to be expected that works inspired by the great war would be very numerous at both salons, and this was especially so at that of the Artistes Français, but proof was afforded that military painting is powerless to create great and beautiful works of art. ■ ■ ■



"FÊTE VÉNITIENNE," BY  
FRANÇOIS FLAMENG  
(Société des Artistes Français)





“ PORTRAIT DE FERNANDE CABANEL ”  
BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE  
(Société des Artistes Français)



## REVIEWS

The premier place at the old salon must be given M. Henri Martin's rural scene, so fresh and so sound in composition, so brilliant and so true in colour. Nothing could be compared to it here, for the painters who show at this salon keep to their groove even more than those of the neighbouring salon. One of the successes of this year were the contributions of M. Jean Gabriel Domergue—seductive canvases astonishing in their technical dexterity and rare virtuosity.

There remains little to be said about the contents of these forty and odd galleries, but I must mention the landscapes of MM. Boggio, Morchain and Flores (the last a young artist of great promise); the portraits of MM. Ernest Laurent, Joseph Bail, Pierre Laurens, Auguste Leroux, Jonas and Humbert, and the various contributions of MM. Flameng, Devambaz, Fouqueray, Grun, Xavier Bricard, Camus, P. Chabas, Adler, Synavé, Biloul and Berthon, and no doubt there are others that ought to be named, but the examination of such a vast expanse of painted canvas is really very trying. One can understand why many artists of taste shun such a noisy orchestra of colour and form.

G.M.

## REVIEWS

*The Art of Arthur Streeton.* Special Number of "Art in Australia." (Sydney: Angus and Robertson; London: Oxford University Press.) Mr. Streeton, like many other artists who began their careers "down under," has lived and worked so long in England as to be regarded as one of our own, but his reputation as a painter of rare sensitiveness was already firmly established ere he migrated to the northern hemisphere, more than twenty years ago. The change of environment has, it is hardly necessary to say, slowly modified his art in the course of these years, and Mr. Konody, who reviews his English paintings, claims him now as "a typical English landscape painter." However, his work from the outset down to the present day is so amply and so admirably presented in this volume, which contains reproductions in colour of more than thirty characteristic examples as well as

many in monochrome, that his development can be studied without the aid of an interpreter. The volume as a whole is an example of high-class book production, which reflects great credit on the printers and publishers.

*Strategic Camouflage.* By SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A. (London: John Murray.) This exposé of German camouflage methods made by a distinguished Academician who, as a military officer, was especially occupied during the war with this subject has provoked a great amount of discussion, and there has been a disposition in official quarters to pooh-pooh his conclusions, based on a patient and searching analysis of aerial photographs. In a note issued since its publication, the author sets forth various items of evidence yielded by a recent visit to the areas photographed, which unmistakably confirm the conclusions deduced from the photographs as to the existence of an extensive system of structures designed to represent agricultural land and other landscape features, and intended to cover huge and rapid concentrations of troops.

*The Charm of Oxford.* By J. WELLS. M.A., Warden of Wadham College, (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) Twenty-seven pencil drawings by Mr. Blackall, excellently reproduced and embracing many interesting views of Oxford Colleges, and a panoramic view of the City from the east, reproduced twice as an end paper, furnishes the *raison d'être* for this attractive volume. Those who know and revere this ancient seat of learning, which as Mr. Wells reminds his readers is, apart from its associations with great men and great movements, a paradise for the art student, will discern in Mr. Blackall's drawings something more than a literal rendering of the subjects he has selected, though he has paid considerable attention to detail. The reproductions, which look well on their mounts of light fawn cover paper, are accompanied by descriptive letterpress pertinent to the various subjects, and for those who may desire to have them in a form suitable for framing a separate portfolio edition of them is available, in which all the drawings are furnished with cut mounts.







